THOUGHTS AS they CAME

BY

CHARLOTTE C DAVENPORT

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IRVINE

To Shepherd and Mary

from - Fondly - Auntie -

Otherwise -

Charlotte C. Davenport

Jan. 1919

"Great Granite Gateway! Wrapping us in
Where stillness reigns and sun-rays peep askance"

(See page 70)

Thoughts As They Came

By Charlotte C. Davenport

Illustrations by
Harold Field Kellogg

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Go, Little Book, speed off with "fleeting thought,"
Which in the passing seemed but whisperings caught;
And now we ask to have you bear away
Another whisper! Be it yours to say—
Your sales will carry help to those great needs
For whom our Red Cross hourly intercedes;
Those Braves who bear our Flag so far afield.
God grant they bring it back! Nor ever yield
Till with the warring Nations of the Earth
A Peace—God-riven—finds never-ending birth.

Please buy me, Sir! Dear Madam kind—or Merry Maid!
To do "my bit" I'm "bound" to sell as Red Cross Aid.

DEDICATION

In collecting in book form my
"THOUGHTS AS THEY CAME"
Am carrying out—though most tardily
An oft-expressed wish of
MY MOTHER
To whose memory they are lovingly dedicated

PREFACE

Could we but bridge that mystic Life-Stream over,
And hazy Past with this our Present blend,
Well do I know she'd feel a thrill of pleasure,
And all defects—though great and without measure—
With tender veiling she would gently cover,
The veil of Mother-Love, that knows no end.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Opposite Page
Great Granite Gateway	Frontispiece
A Household Friend both Tried and True	15
Lessons of Childhood	34
Looking Backward	39
A Wondrous Scheme in Stone	56
Not "Good-By!" Only "Au Revoir!"	68
Smiles Are Not All in Vain	75
At the Golden Gate	77
Honor to Thee! Great Mother of the World!	84
A Lordly White Wing	88
A Soft, Rivered Valley	90
Only the Birds to Tell the Story Now	95
Interior Gloucester Cathedral	99
An Old Dutch Head	100
Holland Beauties	102
The "Wee Folks" of the Zuyderzee	105
Cathedral of St. Etienne	107
Carlo Dolci's Madonna of the Thumb	109
In the Vale of Grindelwald	120
A Little Spot, Well-Shaded o'er with Green	123
Monarchs of the Lake	130
Dream-Like, Arcadian Scene	135
And Life! What Is It? Where Its Care and Fear?	141
The Taj Mahal	156
Favorite Queen of Shah Jahan	159

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Vive la France	9
Ode to the New Year	11
Our Grandfather's Clock	12
When Mischa Elman Played	15
Our Dreams	17
The Ball of the Fine Arts	18
To C. K.	21
To H. F. K.	24
A Salutary Firm	25
A Fireside Reverie	27
Hearts	29
"Good Night!"	30
Yuletide	30
Mavourneen	31
"Grandmother's Bible"	33
Spring–Time	36
Memory Bells	38
Words Unspoken	38
Calling at the Homestead	39
A Corner in New York	42
On Leaving the City for Roxbury, Connecticut	44
Dawn among the Hills	46
Mid–Summer Days in Litchfield, New England	48
A Second National Holiday Visit to Lake Waramang, Connecticut	49
Auto Days in the White Mountains	50
The Ottauquechee	53
The Congressional Library	56
Appomattox	58
Thoughts Suggested at Gettysburg	60
Our Sunny South	63
Real Folks	65
A Western Portal	70
Snoqualmie Falls, Washington	71
On a Prolonged Stay at the P. P. I. E. of 1915	74
As the Past Comes Flooding in and the Christmas Chimes Begin	80
A Tribute to "The Red Cross"	84
A Mid–Ocean Marconigram	86
The Welcome of the Gulls	87
The Little Green Isle	88
The Price of a Horse	90
Innisfallen	92
The Giant's Causeway	93
Melrose Abbey	94
The Knightwood Tree	97
Cathedral Organ Echoes	99
Holland	100
To S. S.	106
An Hour with the Venus de Milo	110

	Page
Luxembourg Gardens and Gallery	112
The Swiss Station Signal	116
Lauterbrunnen	117
A Corner in Lucerne	122
Two Nights on the Süsten Pass	124
The Swans of Geneva	129
Swiss Bells	130
Five A.M. in the Mountains	132
The Levant	133
Bellagio	135
On the Summit of Monte Generoso	136
Dreaming in Venice	140
Rome	143
The Bay of Naples from Sorrento	145
Taormina	148
The Sands of the Desert	151
The Afterglow as Seen at Bombay	153
The Bells of Shwe Dagon	154
A Symphony in Marble	158
On the Irrawaddy	159
On Leaving Ceylon	161
Summer Seas	162
The New Thought	163
Memories	165
Who Can Answer?	166
A Thanksgiving Ode	169
Which?	171
Never Again	172
The Bird Call	175
A Prayer	177
Growth	179
The Call of the Chinese Women	180
Reminders	182
The Known and the Unknown	183
The Rift in the Cloud	184
Land-Locked	185
The Better Way	187
Where, How, and When?	188
God Bless You!	189
The Call of the Orient	190
To One Nearing "The Other Side"	191
A Wayside Thought	193
The Recall	194
Our Jane	196
We Two	197
When the Shadows Fade Away	198
The Call of the Infinite	199
Life's Queries	202
The Song of the Past	203
Where the Lights Are Dimmed	206
Waiting	207
Heartsease	208
?	209
The Call to Arms	210
The Chimes of Cornell	214
Yale	216
Some Other Way	218
Keep It Waving	220
The Unveiling of Truth	221
Addendum	224

VIVE LA FRANCE

How changed is the scene since the first tap of drum
Came with echo-like stir of a Nation's unrest!
So far its vibrations from lands we call home—
With miles upon miles of a big Ocean's crest
Spread between our own shores and that war's angry zone.

A big Ocean's crest! Aye! A treacherous Main!
Yet a million have crossed as on Mid-Summer stream.
Where Under-Sea Vampires lurk, waiting their game—
The big ships go laden—again—and again—
While A God over All is still Ruler-Supreme.

To the sound so prolonged of their bugle and drum,
Our Boys have responded with courage and brawn,
The response forsooth greater and swifter to come—
An achievement colossal! And not to be done
By aught than the "kultured" Omnipotent(?) Hun!

So he thought! But Our Boys! Columbia's Boys!
We owe them a debt we can never repay!
They are fighting for us! Lest invader destroys
Columbia's Standard and falls in the fray!
A weakling to tyrant! To outlaw a prey.

God pity the aged—the maiden—or babe
Who crosses the path of such venom and lust!
"Forgive and forget!" 'Twas the Master forgave—
We, alas, are so human! Forget? Is it just?
Where compacts are paper in scraps—can we trust?

There's a healer of wounds, we are told—it is Time!
Can it cover atrocities hellish and needless?
And wipe out great volumes of blackness and crime?
To *forgive*—we would ask—May the Great God be nigh us!
Such crimes to *forget*—Unabridged—as to Time.

* * * * * * *

But we're proud of Our Laddies! God speed them to win!
And proud of Our Lassies—who rose in their might!
So keen to fall in—where the Laddies had been;
Thus vacancies spreading.—These promptly stepped in,
Releasing the Laddies to fight for the Right.

Aye! Proud of Our Laddies! Our fine, stalwart Boys!
Whose home is the trenches! Whose lives go for us
In a land we adore! Alas! war-worn and sore!
By fierce battles torn and soaked deep in men's gore!
But ever historical, beautiful France.

We mourn for her ruins! We grieve for her dead!
For the Lands and her Art she has long fought to save!
For her Temples laid waste, reared in glory to God!
For the great and heroic self-sacrifice made.
For France and her People! We cry in one voice,
Long Life, Grand Republic! Aye! *Vive la France!*

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR

Ring out the old, and ring in the new!
Ring out the false, and ring in the true!
Ring out the old thought of grief and despair—
Ring in—and live—in the Great Father's care.
Ring in the friends, whether old friends or new;
Ring in the hearts, which are loving and true!

Look toward the sun, till it sleeps in the West;
Then turning, look straight towards its dawn in the East.
Lose not of sunshine one life-giving ray;
Its warmth and its brightness hold balm for each day!
Gather each sunbeam which crosses your road!
Gather—and hold!—it will lighten life's load.

Sunbeams, like chances, will fain fade, alas!
If sadly our eyes are tight closed as they pass.
Ring out the Old then, and ring in the New!
Ring in a Year full of purposes true!
Ring in the Truth! On each ear may it fall!
Ring in—and ever ring—"God bless us all!"

OUR GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Come! all sit round, and fold your hands, my dears;
And let me tell you of my checkered life!
My hands are tied, and have been, through long years—
Two Centuries!—while you with youth are rife.

I've watched the crocus lift its baby head,
And listened to the New Year's merry chimes;
I've watched the early robin's rapid tread,
And Autumn's flight of wings to Summer climes.

I've watched the rainbow span the Summer sky,
I've seen the sumac don its coat of red;
I've heard the chill winds whisper, "Winter nigh";
I've seen the forest trees with hoar-frost spread.

I've watched the sturdy man from boyhood grown,
Aye! from the birth I've heard his baby cheer!
I've noted with a sigh old age creep on,
And wept, as others wept, around his bier.

I've seen the blushing maid of sweet sixteen—
Reflecting beauty as the stars above;
I've seen her sway her lover's heart, as queen!
Her children's children beam with Mother-love.

On life's great stage, I've seen vast numbers play;
Play their parts well—or ill—then pass along
Into the quiet, found their shadowy way,
While I a requiem tick for all those gone.

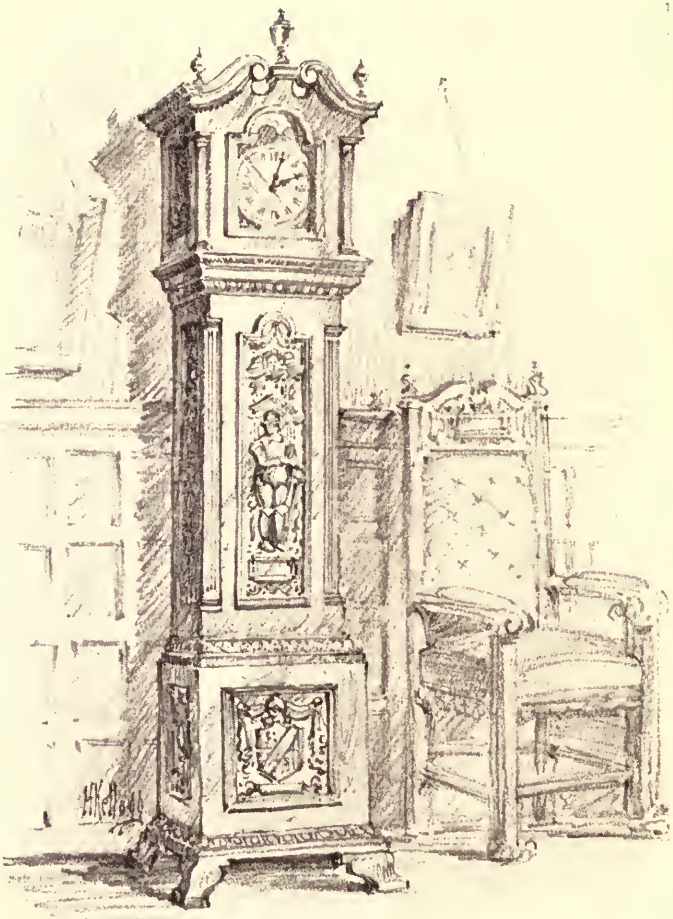
I've known home secrets—all the hopes and fears—
The laughter joined, in joyous sounding strain;
And when, around me, others shed heart tears,
I've simply sobbed a quiet, sad refrain.

I've heard strange stories of a Summer day,
Of how arose the widespread wish to roam;
And how from England's coast they sailed away,
And sought to find on Western shores a home.

I've listened to your sires tell fairy tales,
With wide-eyed urchin perched upon the knee;
Of how for months they tossed, with flapping sails,
To reach a far-off point beyond the sea.

They'd tell of fighting—not in modern ways—
'Tis carnage now—on land and sea, alas!
No submarines nor gatlings in those days!
Now, smiling youth and age are mown like grass.

All these I've seen so oft'—and oft' again—
The while I kept my steady-going face;
While seasons came and went, in natural train,
I've filled my listening, old, time-giving place.



"And now, today, I stand as firm as rock!
And for your children's children—if you will—
I'll tick right on—your own old family clock—
Faithful my good-time mission to fulfill"

And now, today, I stand as firm as rock!
And for your children's children—if you will—
I'll tick right on—your own old family clock—
Faithful my good-time mission to fulfill.

Proud of my length of days, my Centuries!
Loyal through youth, through age, to all of you!
Proud of you, dears! so linked with memories,
And from my very heart—my mainspring—true.

WHEN MISCHA ELMAN PLAYED

Like note of bird ascending,
Or hues at sunset blending;
Like harmony extending, far and away—
Seeming our Earth-bonds cleaving,
Seeming to Spirit yielding,
Motionless! Scarcely breathing,
We think 'tis the Angels say—

"Ave Maria!"

So softly the notes come nearer,
Plaintively, tenderly, clearer,
Then faintly—and off—and away—
"Ave Maria!"

One thinks of a Penitent kneeling,
A Soul to the God-Mother pleading;
And soft—like to twilight a-stealing—
It sighs and it dies,
As the Soul cleaves the skies.
But we catch a sweet "Ave Maria,"
And the Angels seem nearer and nearer,
Their chant coming clearer and clearer—
"Ave Maria!"

One can hear by the seraph-like singing,
How the cloudlets are gleefully ringing
With echoings tender! Soul-thrilling!
"Ave Maria!"

* * * * * * *

Lights dimmed, and the outer doors closing,
We linger awhile, scarcely knowing
How far—and away—we were soaring

Mid scenes that were fair,
Catching tones in mid-air,
Which held us entranced as by magic.
And now, from that "somewhere" seraphic,
Comes back—like a whisper angelic—
"Ave Maria!"

OUR DREAMS

What of our dreams—our wanderings in the night?
What of our walks, and talks, that seem so true?
And are they? Who from among us has the right
To say we rest—as seemeth—all night through?

Some one—and we agree with him—who said—
In truth—"things are not always what they seem";
And so, with sleep's strange mantle o'er us spread,
These walks, and talks, may not be all a dream.

What if, when wearied at the close of day,
We lay us down, night's draught of rest to take—
Then leaving *form* in peace—*we* flit away,
And—like a birdling from his cage—escape.

What if we walk, and talk, and live apart
From the enclosure which we *call* ourselves?
The outer casing, not the inner heart
Or Ego—in which the real self dwells.

What if this Ego—wandering far afield—
Returns to where its body sleeping seems,
And in the morn's awaking be revealed
The night's real wanderings, which we call our dreams?

THE BALL OF THE FINE ARTS

GIVEN BY

THE SOCIETY OF BEAUX ARTS ARCHITECTS

Backward the wheels of Time rolled for a space,
And outside din to every sense was closed;
One wished all portals barred, lest aught efface
The rhythm of the wondrous scene disclosed.

What were past Centuries now, and whither sped?
Where—if not here? All halting for the night;
Without—one knew the Twentieth Century led
Its scurrying crowd, but here!—what glittering sight!

What gorgeous pageant moves in regal ways;
Forms, in gay costumes rare, enhance a scene
Made like to Venice in her former days,
When age of Venice marked the Byzantine.

As if within some huge kaleidoscope,
Each human here had found its costumed way,
And all unconscious of the hourly stroke,
In medieval days, content to stay.

Monks, Nuns, and Bishops, Cardinals and Doge;
The train of Empress, borne by glittering page.
In varied hues—and unobtrusive robe—
Strolled gondolier and old-time classic sage.

Poets and artists—Raphael-capped and gowned—
Made telling background for the cloth of gold
Whose brilliant folds caught up the lights around,
And hung resplendent as some grandee strolled.

Through Middle Ages passed this Pageant on,
And in the coloring of the Renaissance
A Botticelli and a Titian form
Come back as if from out a long-time trance.

Such intermingling! Such revival here!
A flood of richness! as if second birth
Were granted all The Arts to reappear
And congregate again upon this earth.

Oh, but to hold this night! Retard the morn!
Could but the stars outshine all matin rays—
For with the stir and glow of spreading dawn
Must close this night of Old Venetian Days.

Days when her wealth was felt upon the seas,
When brush and palette told of Art supreme;
When Artists cut, and left in stone their dreams,
And Venice ruled as Adriatic's Queen.

TO C. K.

Will you listen to my story as the twilight fades away,
And the starlets in their glory, twinkling, tell they've come to stay?
Come to glimmer and to shimmer through the night's dark-mantled hours,
Till they're chased away at day-dawn by the Day-Queen's roseate powers.

We'll just draw the curtains gently, and will leave the stars to shine,
While you listen most intently to this little tale of mine;
Draw your chairs a wee bit closer, while we stir the fire anew—
'Tis so cozy thus to listen to a story strictly true.

'Twas far back! Among the bygones! In the hazy days of yore,
When the Yuletide found a Grouping on a sun-bathed foreign shore;
'Twas a group of questioning Aliens, doubting much if mirth could be!
The Fête Noël so near at hand, and "Home" beyond the sea.

Off—beyond long miles of ocean! where the days, both soft and clear,
Seldom wrapped in snow's white mantle, giving sharp, crisp atmosphere.
The sun, high here, and fair the blooms, and soft the scented air;
Mid-Winter's frost no mastery holds, why not "Home-Christmas" here?

Why not make "A Merry Christmas" for the children near at hand?
They, like ourselves, hold memories of a far-off Fatherland.
Our Boys—that now to manhood grown—had dreams of Christmas Tree!
Each thought *his* sanctum proper place, and thus it chanced to be—

That one great, lordly Tree took form, in setting free to all;
No child o'erlooked!—each one arose to Santa's generous call.
Such happiness! For them—and us! to us, perhaps, the more,
Since some, among those little ones, knew no like-mirth before.

'Twas Christmas, with rare Christmas treat! pleasure without surcease!
We wrap it round with memories sweet—that Christmas Day in Nice.
E'en now those little faces come again, and seem to cast
Joyous, beaming eyes upon us—through the vista of the Past.

Now, after years have rolled away, another Fête has come,
A Natal Fête to celebrate, and we, again, from home.
That little group again is grouped; not all! Some change has come.
Most of them answer "Present" tonight. Missing? We whisper,
"One."

A silence falls, as Memory fond brings back that loved one gone:
She lives, we know, in the Great Beyond, and that Life moves on—
and on.
And we feel in the quiet that fills the room, as silently falls a tear,
Perhaps from the realms above may come her presence—her love and
cheer.

* * * * * * *

The Birthday now! A Greeting warm
To one with added birthday morn!
Long may she live and happy be!
Long may her fondest memory
Recall both Nice and Christmas Tree,
Et aujourd'hui en ce gai Paris!

TO H. F. K.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A PEWTER TRAY

When you're thinking and you're planning how to change the *"triste"*
to *"gai,"*
Pray don't let a passing garland slip your thought, and get away!
Hang it lightly on a Cornice, with Cartouches here and there—
You will please Monsieur, the Frenchman, though yourself be in
despair.

Coax some coy and sprightly Cupids on your pediment to stay!
Pin them down! perhaps a score or more—erstwise they'll flit away;
Make the whole façade a *rïdeau,* well bedecked with florets rare.
Smiling faces! Supple figures! All astir in high mid-air.

Whether school, or tomb, or what-not, let the decoration show
That you've learned to balance Cupids on a pirouetting toe!
Then some day will come the question, in the swift, advancing years—
"See that Tomb?" "How well defined the Thought of smiling
through one's tears!"

"And that Library Building yonder! where from entrance up to dome,
Every surface inch is *décoré!* 'tis "Learning wrought in Stone!"
"Fine specimen! Good Architect!" "Give me the name, I pray!"
"Oh! He's a Harvard-Beaux Arts man! Monsieur H. F. K."

Then bid begone the *"triste," Mon Chèr! Toujours! Toujours* the *"gai"!*
Toujours les crayons mettre upon this little pewter tray.
Then when *Projet* hangs a finished, architectural *symphonie—*
Et vous pouvez dire heureusement. "Oui! C'est vrai! bien fini!"

When the midnight oil is burning, ere the earliest dawn of day,
Pray, then, rest the idle *crayons* on this little Pewter Tray;
And bid begone the *"triste," Mon Chèr! Toujours! Toujours* the *"gai"!*
Toujours les crayons mettre upon this little Pewter Tray.

A SALUTARY FIRM

With temper and patience both greatly admonished,
Fine clothing dispensed with and tipping abolished,
A "Tour round the World" would resolve into this—
An earthly condition of infinite bliss!

Two principal aids in bestowal of pleasure—
To whom should be praise without stint, and *sans* measure—
Are brave "Tommy Atkins," who stoutly has fought,
And "T. Cook & Sons," who great marvels have wrought.

"To Arms!" is the order, and "Tommy" advances!
By power of his gun, he the native entrances!
Then order and discipline go hand in hand,
And guaranteed safety results in the land.

Shortly Cook—the Invincible!—opens an office,
Supplies all your needs, though not yet quite for gratis!
He'll ship you by steamer! Conduct you by rail!
He will cash all your checks and attend to your mail.

He'll do all that is needed to send you around—
After "Tommy" has captured both native and ground.
To them both, "Hearty Thanks!" We're again on home shore,
Where, dearer by far to our hearts than before,
We take off our hats to "Old Glory" once more.

A FIRESIDE REVERIE

In the quiet—resting—dreaming—by the fireside's evening glow,
How the embers flame and flicker, as sweet memories come and go.
Memories come—and faces linger in the passing to and fro—
Memories all one's own! So sacred, none may ever share or know!

Not a footstep breaks the stillness! All the house wrapped in repose;
Under soothing spell of Morpheus, midnight hush impressive grows.
So we sit—and muse—and linger with the memories so dear,
Till the crackle of the timber sounds like voices of good cheer.

Now they steal upon us softly, now they come with boisterous shout—
As the flames dart up so deftly, then flash fiercely in and out.
Hissing—crackling—bringing pictures as the great logs, in their turn,
For a moment warm the shadows into brightness, as they burn.

Sitting thus—so quiet—dreaming—faces gone come stealing in.
Flames take on such curious seeming—panoramas pass within.
Little flames bring baby faces—little children hard at play,
Year on year of childhood passes—still we dream, and still we stay.

For we love to hear their laughter that rang full in days agone,
When the romping and the banter and the merry games went on;
And the elders gathered nightly round the central-table light,
For the play-hour of the children, e'er they kissed and said "Good Night."

Happy hours! So bright and gleeful! All were young folks for the time!
Grandma e'en—with heart so youthful, scarcely looked she in her prime.
Aye! but stealthy years keep creeping, boys and girls all grow apace,
E'en the little dark-eyed sister—she with curls and sunny face.

* * * * * * *

Here the embers flame from stirring, romping children last were seen;
Now the little sister standing, changed from child to maiden—queen—
Veiled, and in her bridal garments, she—the first to go away.
Oh! we revel in these moments! precious pictures! and we stay—

And we stir the drowsy embers, lay a log, and wait the flames;
'Tis a night in cool November—or it was! for midnight wanes—
As we see the Boy departing, leaving home, perhaps for years.
And we feel the old heartaching, but we stifle back the tears—

As we see him with his laurels, and the table richly spread,
And the eager, anxious waiting for that well-known manly tread.
And he comes! With eyes a-glistening! for the work was not in vain;
Every loving heart is throbbing for the Boy—now home again.

Oh, the Embers! How we stir them! we would stir them till the dawn!
We would stop the tell-tale dial! we would back the coming morn!
We would let the flames keep showing pictures loved in lurid glows—
But the flickering and expiring tell the embers fast are dying,
And the fireside reverie closed.

HEARTS

Hearts are not toys—nor are they balls, to toss!
One cannot play with hearts, without a loss;
Throbbing with love, with life—to joy so keen—
Their longings oft'-times hid in depths unseen;
The sacred precinct of *your* life and mine,
The Great Creator's sacred, living Shrine!
Why bruise it, then? why doom it to despair?
Why pick it up, to drop—anon—elsewhere?
Why try its warmth—or feel its throbs at all—
If you would toss it—like a lifeless ball?

"GOOD NIGHT!"

The God of Sleep draws near. "Good night," dear Heart!
Sleep well! and waken not, save with the lark!
Let thy soft eyelids fall! closed be thy sight
Till morn has risen, and kissed away the night.
Happy, thrice happy, be the roseate dreams
Which lead thee wandering through fair, sunlit scenes—
Perchance a-Maying! Then, from blossomed tree—
May Blossom-Thought fall down on thee—of me.
"Good night," dear Heart! "good night."

YULETIDE

Let us try! you and I!
Let us keep alive the spirit!
Guard the love and good will in it!
Keep the Yuletide green and cheery,
And its preparation merry;
Let it never, never die!
Keep our Yuletide fresh for aye!

Let us try! you and I!
What though pessimists deride!
Let our Christmas-love abide!
They, and we, are moving on,
Father Time will wait for none.
Seasons come, and seasons go—
Hold we fast the old-time glow!

Fire an ember each December!
Bring in holly, green and red!
Hang the mistletoe o'erhead!
Trim and light the Christmas Tree!
Hang a "Thought" for you and me!
Down the Past, let centuries glide—
But hold fast our Christmas-tide!

MAVOURNEEN

The eyes you thought starlight, yet soft and gazelle-like,
In luster are waning, my darling! 'tis true!
Yet still there's a heart-beam, a ne'er-dying love-gleam,
And, darling! 'tis beaming entirely for you.

Cheeks once full of health-glow—with tints of the peach-blow—
Have lost of their roundness and sweet girlish hue;
Still lingers a warm hint of long-ago blush-tint—
When listening to love words, my darling! from you.

The voice once so mellow, so richly soprano,
Is shorn of its freshness and melody too;
Yet often, in low refrain, live tones of youth again,
Echoing, my darling! to none but to you.

Youth's ardent emotion, and love's deep devotion,
Found vent in a heart ever constant and true!
'Tis still young, my darling! And what need of telling—
Its every vibration is beating for you.

'Tis the heart that keeps green, Love! And fresh as the turf, Love!
Though years throw the mantle of change o'er us two;
When Earth's ties we sunder, and hearts beat up yonder,
Then mine, your mavourneen's! will still beat for you.

They say—we live ever, that Life endeth never,
We only sail over what's known as Death Sea;
I'm praying, my darling! our boats in the mooring
May find the same haven—for you and for me.

"GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE"

Dear Grandmother's Bible, and well we remember
How often we've looked, as she quietly sat,
With glasses adjusted, and forefinger pointed
To words of her life-book, that laid on her lap.

The old lady's readings were "morning devotions,"
And time and again had she read her books through;
One chapter a day from the Old Bible portions,
A hymn, and a chapter, or so, from the New.

All through the old Copy we find pencil tracings,
Encircling the verses most dear to her heart—
She loved all its teachings, and lived by its precepts;
They formed of her every-day life-work a part.

Ah! never was spirit more fitted for Heaven
Than Grandmother's spirit when God took her home;
So tender and loving, so true and forgiving,
She seemed of Earth's dross and all selfishness shorn.

Her Bible! we all knew it well, and we loved it,
For Grandmother taught us its worth by her side;
So often we'd heard from her lips the old story,
From Bethlehem's Babe to the Christ when He died.

Her children had stood there, and learned the sweet lesson
Of patience and mercy, of life, love, and truth;
Then years sped away, and these, children no longer,
Had gone, in the journey of life, beyond youth.

They, also, were parents, and four happy wee ones
Were ready our Grandmother's fondness to share;
First—Winthrop, the eldest, and Elsie, the baby;
Then Harold, our brave boy; and I, too, was there.

We formed a half-circle—how well I recall it!
And each one repeated a verse for the day;
But—"Suffer the children to come unto Me" was
The verse little Elsie seemed always to say.

Ah! then would dear Grandmother tenderly lift her,
And settle her fondly, the Pet, on her knee;
"Dod loves little children, you told me so, Dan'ma,
And if he does weally, then Dod must love me."

"Her Bible! We all knew it well, and we loved it,
For Grandmother taught us its worth by her side"

Ah! dear little Elsie, how Grandmother loved her,
How every one loved her, the pride of our home;
Fair, beautiful blossom, with sweetest of tendrils,
That only seemed fit in God's Nursery to bloom.

He thought so most surely, and loved her so truly,
That Elsie, our darling, was sent for one day;
The Angels kept calling, and so, in the dawning,
They carried her pure baby-spirit away.

Ah, God! how we suffered! such heartaches, such yearnings!
Such long hours of struggle, and hot tears we shed!
God took her—we knew it, this pearl of pure beauty,
And only the setting we laid 'mong the dead.

Then Grandmother read, once again, the old story,
With three little children pressed close to her chair;
Perhaps her voice faltered, but reading of Heaven,
We all thought it nearer 'cause Elsie was there.

So now let us prize it, the dear, well-worn Bible,
We'll keep it in mem'ry of Grandmother's love;
She's gone, but we still seem to feel her sweet presence,
An influence sacred, that comes from above.

SPRING–TIME

Spring and the Robins! Both are here again!
Robins, with fairy hop—and brilliant hue;
Short days are gone, and chill winds on the wane,
And little tufts lift tongues for morning dew.
Hail, beauteous Spring! We greet thee with heart-glee;
We love thy crocus-beds and fair anemone.

Thy yellow blooms we love, which freight the way
With sunshine golden, e'er a leaf appears;
Forsythia, truly, is a herald gay—
To mark each Spring-time in the flight of years.
Foremost of blossoms, waked by Spring again,
We greet and love thee! Shower of golden-rain!

Come, Robin Redbreast! Come! Lead thou the way
To where a fair magnolia blooms anew,—
With countless blossoms, like to huge bouquet,
Its leaves unfurled, will later burst to view.
Spring's glorious visitant! We'd sing in song
Thy beauteous bounty, which we'd fain prolong.

We'd sing of hyacinths and pansies coy,
Whose baby-faces gleam from lowly bed.
We think they smile, and say, with Spring-time joy,
"We love it now—that wintry chill has fled,
And come—a lot of us—in varied hue,
Because *we* love the Spring, as well as you."

But, Robin come! To wildwood fastness now!
Come, let us seek the sweet arbutus vine!
Both on the hillside, and in woodland low,
We'll scent it e'er we've reached its hidden shrine.
Hidden, like bashful maiden! hid away—
Yet sweetly fragrant, every tiny spray.

Oh, how we love them! These dear Spring-time days!
How we would stay them in their matchless flight!
Hourly unfolding in such wondrous ways,
Bringing—like thought—from bud, full leaf, to sight.
Robin and Spring-time, stay! We want you here!
Dearest and loveliest days of all the year.

MEMORY BELLS

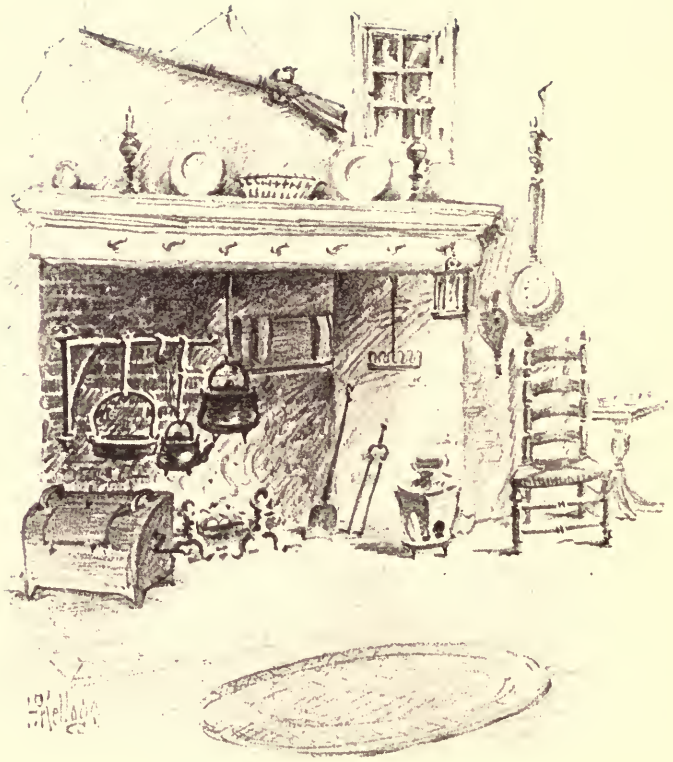
Oh, Memory Bells! Ye Memory Bells!
Whose softest tones time never quells!
Sway on! Sway on! Thy music tells
Of other days—sweet Memory Bells!

Oh, Memory Bells! Those days long gone—
Come back—recalled by rhythmic song;
The joyous hours, in gleeful tones;
The darkened days, in plaintive moans.

Then sway aloft! Thy notes we greet!
Sway high, sway low—in cadence sweet;
Within our hearts there ever dwells
A love for thee—blest Memory Bells.

WORDS UNSPOKEN

Let me but dream in some strange way!
Let me but live again that day
When eyes—pure eyes—looked into mine,
And said—without one uttered word—
Yet said, as joy within me stirred,
"I love you with a love divine."



"Suppose you sit on yonder chair,
The one beside the chimney there"

Let me but know the bliss I knew
When earth seemed Heaven, and all hearts true;
When haze and sunshine—land and sea—
And song of bird—all—all—for me,
Were tuned to my sweet ecstasy—
The while I dreamed my dream of thee.

CALLING AT THE HOMESTEAD

What say you? Shall we "bide a wee,"
And watch the brewing of that tea?
Suppose you sit on yonder chair,
The one beside the chimney there,
And on the old crane, aged but strong,
We'll hear the kettle sing its song.

How odorific! old-time tea!
And dear, old-fashioned room—and we!
We'll blot out years—past years—long gone,
We'll think of days e'er we were born,
And how our Grandmas, in their turn,
Have watched that log-fire crack and burn.

What fun to climb that stairway steep,
And 'neath the heavy rafters seek
Old brasses—candlesticks and braziers—
That Grandma called her attic treasures;
Where family spiders spin their webs
O'er fine old family chairs and beds.

Carved richly, old, discarded pieces,
And heirloom gowns with well-pressed creases;
Such scantly corsaged, quaint old dresses,
And yellowed caps, which covered tresses
Not always gray! Our Mothers say
Decreed were caps by Fashion's sway.

We'll peek and search in cranny nooks,
And find great rows of stalwart hooks,
From which—I'm sure—in Grandma's day,
Hung odds and ends—for they *do* say
Sweet herbs and lavender combine
In mingled scent of olden time.

And thus we chat, and keep on rocking,
The while we hear a gentle knocking;

And there, outside the old Dutch door,
Two mittened maids, in frills galore,
Await a welcome! Thus come in
Miss Hester Ann and Deborah Green—

With reticules! Quite plain to see
They came to join a knitting bee.
Alas! when knitting I've pursued,
My eyes were to the needles glued;
While Grandma—I have heard them say—
Could rock—and knit—with eyes astray.

And as the two—I sit there eyeing—
In speed, both tongues and needles vying,
I think how truly, often said—
A knitting bee is gossip spread.
We heard—why, what we did *not* hear,
Had had no birth for many a year.

We heard the news of quick and dead;
The latest born, and newly wed;
Of parson's wife, and bairnies four;
Of "gossip club" at country store;
Of hillside folk, and village street;
Of homes neglected, housewives neat—

We heard it all—as much and more
Than wise to tell—or we to store.
Outside—good Brindle wends her way
Toward milking place, and birdlings stay
Their wandering flights, and cluster down
Where nestlings peep their evening song.

Athwart the house-path shadows fall.
So ends the day! so ends our call!
We'll leave the logs on old-time hearth,
To seek our modern homes, forsooth.
And going, ask from yon high dome,
That golden eyes guard well this home.

A CORNER IN NEW YORK

Out from the turmoil! Out from a Broadway throng!
Where glare and noise keep pace with restless tread.
Out from the ceaseless jinglings of a city's song!
That traffic bass—which, rumbling deep and long,
Joins with the human treble overhead.

Wearying, we turn from rush of surging tide,
And drifting—as it were—on shut-in stream,
We leave that ebb and flow, which circles wide,
And pause for rest where calm and peace abide,
Albeit not far removed from bustling scene.

Here sunbeams play in undisturbed delight,
And children's voices join the birdlings' chirp—
Making sweet harmonies, till evening light
Sends both a-nesting! Out of sound and sight
Till coming morrow finds them both alert.

Here old St. George's opens portals wide
And bids one enter! Calm retreat for prayer!
The stained glass forms, which range on either side,
Seem saying—"Come ye in, awhile abide!
Ye'll find a silence sweet and solace here."

Respite from chaos, and from City calls;
Here make a halt! Let rush the maddening crowd!
Here, in this green enclosure, these old walls
Have stood in dignity inspiring—which enthralls!
And will—till of Today—but echo falls,
And Father Time lets gently down his shroud.

ON LEAVING THE CITY FOR ROXBURY, CONNECTICUT

Out of the hurly-burly, where no din, no clash of City noises, mars the air;
Where grassy meadows end where hills begin, spreading their vernal freshness everywhere.

Just over yonder, outlined 'gainst the sky, good-natured Brindle chews her evening cud;
With flap of wing, a chicken roosts near by; and sauntering, comes a lad adown the road.

Life animate—threefold—all else is still,
Till, on the quiet, breaks the whip-o'-will.

Out where the stars hang low, as shadows creep, and higher gleam a myriad baby flames;
Long moonbeams pale, through treetops hide and seek, and fire-flies play their flashing lantern games.

Soft on the air comes scent of new-mown hay, then spicy whiff by Balm of Gilead shed;
"Sweetest of all"—we're quite too prone to say, till comes a breeze, fresh filled from clover bed.

Oh, where such sweetness as Dame Nature gives?
Where—but in pastoral lands, wherein she lives.

Not distant far, three village spires we sight, where shaded, white-faced
homes sleep on the Green;
Hills upon hills roll off in hazy light, and loveliest vales lay nestled in
between.

Vales, where the Village Green has always place, and rears in churchly
spires its trinity;
Where homes look trim, and carry on their face a sort of "Mayflower"
calm serenity.

Valleys, where streams play rhythms, journeying by
Beneath the blue of a New England sky.

What have we here in lieu of City charms? What but the meadows
green, and song of birds!
What but the ripening grain, and well-filled barns! What but the
Rest, which quiets unstrung nerves.

Here, then, we'll stay, till bright-hued foliage wanes, till on—and on—
Autumnal evenings creep;
Till thrifty squirrels hide their nuts with pains, and old Dame Nature
gently falls asleep.

Here—with the hills and rills—awhile we'll stay,
And going, whisper, "Coming back some day."

DAWN AMONG THE HILLS

'Tis only the birds that are fluttering now,
Only their twitter, and call from the trees;
Far off in the East comes a baby-like glow,
And at hand a strange stillness, disturbed but by these.

You'll see one in flight, as he pauses to rest,
A fugitive glance he will nervously steal;
Then sends off a chirp to the mate in the nest
That he's on his way home with a fresh morning meal.

A telephone message to Madame—*la Mère!*
Like a "t'wit! t'wit! t'wee! t'wit! t'wit! t'wee!"
To have the wee birdlings for breakfast prepare—
With a t'wit! t'wit! t'wee! t'wit! t'wit! t'wee!

Hark! listen! From depths of yon tall maple tree
Comes a baby-like, muffled "pee-wee! pee-wee!"
Then a t'wit! t'wit! t'wee! t'wit! t'wit! t'wee!
Which we think means "We're hungry, as hungry can be."

See! bright shafts are falling, and lower they creep—
Rays of glory from hillcrest to low cottage wall—
As the Sun-God, aroused from retirement and sleep,
Spreads a widening smile—overreaching—for all.

First, leaf after leaf on the sky-line he tips;
Then, softly adown sweeps his gold-laden brush,
As over *our* hillside the great ball he slips,
To greet the day-dawn, with a fiery blush.

And here are we now, with the song and the dawn,
And the half-expressed murmurings born of the leaves;
They, too, are awaking, aroused by the shaking
Of a sunlit and dew-scented, spirit-like breeze.

We're thinking of moments and morrows—to come—
Of today's matin glories, and sweet morning air;
And we know, on those morrows, when thoughts backward turn,
'Tis these hills we shall think of, and wish ourselves here.

We'll see the great ball, as it rolled into sight,
Hear the call of the bird, and the answering refrain;
And we'll say—"Backward turn, Father Time, in your flight!"
"Give it back—that day-dawn!—give it back once again!"

MID-SUMMER DAYS IN LITCHFIELD, NEW ENGLAND

See! the haze has cleared away,
Which at high-noon had full sway,
And a freshness earth upon the air distills;
As the shadows longer grow,
And the sun sinks far below
Where the chestnuts are in blossom on the hills.

While the day is on the wane,
And the birds seek nests again,
And a rippling tells of hidden, mossy rills;
There is sweetness in the air
From the hay—mown—here and there,
And the chestnuts are in blossom on the hills.

The fullness of the trees
Tells Mid-Summer days are these;
E'en the song-birds know, and join their varied trills.
'Tis a plenteous time of year,
Though the corn still lacks the ear,
While the chestnuts are in blossom on the hills.

There's a shower of tassels soft,
Like a huge bouquet aloft,
  Spreading olive tints, till many a slope it fills;
Scurrying squirrels blink and call,
"Look ye! Later, burrs will fall!"
  Now—the chestnuts are in blossom on the hills.

A SECOND NATIONAL HOLIDAY VISIT TO LAKE WARAMANG, CONNECTICUT

Thirty full years have sped on—and away—
  Since four haply sauntered along this same shore;
And now, on this bright Anniversary Day,
  Comes one—only one—to return of the four.
Two have passed over the Unseen Divide,
The other roams far from this placid Lakeside.

Up in the maples low mate-calls are heard;
  Gently the ripples play songs on the Lake;
Softly a flood of strange memories are stirred,
  Mem'ries which ripple and bird-song awake;
A chirrup! then rollicking, wild roundelays,
The very same notes of those far-agone days.

Thirty full years! Ah! How could they know
That a fourth of a century—Aye! that and more—
From the time that they strolled in that soft evening glow,
Would into the Past roll forever! before
Out from the stir of the City would stray
Just one of the four—to come back here today.

AUTO DAYS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Land of the fir! Whose morning winds, so fresh,
Play with the dew on balsam and on birch;
Aye! kiss the early, odor-laden dew,
And bring caresses sweetened back to you.

Life-giving air! Where pointed balsams tower,
Filled with their spice combined with wildwood flower;
And as we curve with Androscoggin's banks,
Our road-bed hard, with many a parkway ranks.

Miles upon miles it winds by river side,
Logs lately hewn adown those waters glide;
Naught but the stream—the logs—and darksome green
In depths of mountain fastness to be seen.

Anon, from haunts within these forests deep,
Come soft-eyed deer, with stately walk or leap;
And finding cautious way to water's brink,
First pause in watchful attitude—then drink.

Nothing astir! No cause for least alarm!
No hand of foe to flash the air with harm!
Back to its haunts it goes its fearless way,
Where forest depths make scant the light of day.

We've wandered where dense umbrage lures one on,
Where green cliffs draw yet closer to their own;
The bush and tree outspread on upper ledge,
We've seen well-mirrored from the water's edge.

We've wakened echoes on the Echo Lake,
We've seen the "Old Man" on the heights awake—
Come into vision on the flattened stone,
And gaze in profile from his eyrie home.

We've sojourned where "The Waumbek" opens door,
Where golfer finds his links—*he* wants no more!
There's hospitality within, and well-trained care,
And Nature-lovers find rare glories there.

Superb the colorings in the parting light—
As in a march triumphal, born of might;
To Westward sweeping, in majestic way,
The Sun-God—for the nonce—resigns his sway.

'Tis then that goblins take on nightly shape!
The weird, white forms that slender birch trunks make;
Like ghosts from hiding come, in silent groups,
And stand in line, adown the road, like troops.

We've stripped their bark and thinned the sheet-like leaves,
And sent our missives from these white birch trees;
Ghosts they may be—on dark or starlit night—
But dawn dispels all phantom forms from sight.

We've seen the farmer struggle with a soil,
Where pebbles—weighing tons—made strenuous toil;
And then—where tireless labor made to yield
Fair hay crop from this granite-speckled field.

We've seen as guardsman at the Crawford Notch,
The "Head of Elephant" on constant watch;
We've stood on high—where, in a cloud-wrapped bed,
Mt. Washington is wont to hide his head.

We've felt at Dixville Notch strange silence reign,
Where granite peaks were—sometime—rent in twain,
And stand today—as granite open door—
To offer entrance to a kindred store.

We know the grandeur of these granite peaks,
Likewise the quiet—that one oft'-times seeks;
We know the wondrous, countless charms that wait
An Auto Ramble through the Granite State.

THE OTTAUQUECHEE

On the winding Ottauquechee, by the green slopes of Mt. Tom,
Sleeps as bonny little village as e'er sun or stars shone on.
Life seems here, less life we're solving,
Than round restful end revolving—

Or a corner of Old England changing places on the earth:
All the quiet—and the quaintness—finding here a second birth.
Strange the silence! And it moved us—
As the Peace, so restful, wooed us.

In the gloaming, by the river, wander e'er the stars have come,
When the glorious tints, so varied, tell the King of Day is gone.
And to keep his power in mind,
Leaves his p. p. c.'s behind.

Seek the limpid Ottauquechee in our own Green Mountain State,
There the spirit of Old England will sweet memories awake;
Dreams of homes with vine-clad faces—
Where the shrubbery interlaces.

Follow up this streamlet limpid to its source—mere rippling rills!
Then these ripplings will be hidden, you will lose them in the hills.
Lose them where wide-spreading brambles
Snuggle into wildwood tangles.

Would you know the rightful meaning of this name, and whence it sprung?
'Tis the Red Man's "Winding Water"—"Ottauquechee" in his tongue,
And today 'tis warmed while winding
'Neath the same sun's brilliant shining.

* * * * * * *

What so silent as the quiet of New England village street?
Where the voices and the laughter? where life's pulses and heart-beat?
Where, indeed? We're forced to feel
Sabbath stillness o'er us steal.

Shadowy forms on porches seated—rocking—gazing into space,
What cared they how Fashion fleeted?—Fashion seemed so out of place.
Vine-framed, they so little knowing
Old-time pictures they were showing.

E'en the trees have air impressive! sentinels-like, in double lines;
What a history could they tell us of ye folks of olden times!
Of their gatherings and hand-quiltings,
Of their gossip and love-makings.

'Neath their boughs, for generations, families long their homes have made,
Grandsires—grandames—and relations—all have known and loved their shade.
One has justly pride in these
Hoary, grand New England trees.

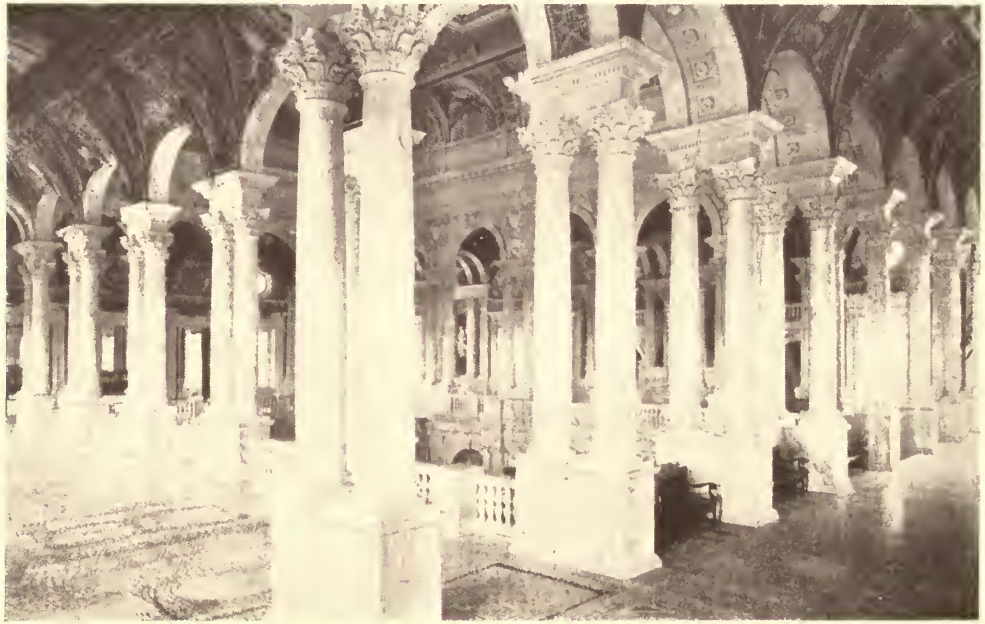
Would ye seek green fields elysian in a haven of the blest?
Woodstock—by the winding river—is that placid home of rest.
There the Inn is comfort yielding, Nature's best is interceding;
Life of shadow hath release, Nature's voice is raised in Peace.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

A stately mass! Impressive and ornate!
We pause upon the threshold to admire!
We're wont to say—Could human hand create
That upon which the human eyes ne'er tire?

So rich the coloring, as stray sunbeams creep
Far into corners, pushing out the dark;
But lovelier still—when day's great forces sleep,
And light diffused is from electric spark.

When myriad glows come forth in softened form,
As if preparing for an evening feast,
Then scores of pillars wield Alhambra's charm,
And lofty spandrels, then, are at their best.



"Then scores of pillars wield Alhambra's charm,
And lofty spandrels, then, are at their best"

Tall, long-robed sages in cold, stoic way,
Stand in the silence, gazing off on space—
Or down—far down—where humans of today
Are moving dwarf-like in inclosured place.

Hither and thither move the many forms,
Volumes are passed, and men make quiet rounds.
A deep-felt hush! Above—are men in bronze!
Strange silence there! And here—all lack of sounds.

Those men in bronze, whose names indelibly
Are writ in stone upon the walls of fame;
Whose lives, well spent, have left posterity
The richer—wiser—for each fadeless name.

To live is great! Inspiring to create!
To reap stupendous mind's emolument!
To be a genius! Oh, how doubly great!
And in the going—leave Mind-Monument.

Thus with the genius powerful to devise
This massive, marbled pile! A wondrous scheme!
Ornate in beauty! May it ever rise
A perfect structure! Like to captured dream—

Caught in the passing! E'er the bustling day
Had silenced harmonies in slumber deep;
E'er crowding, noisome sounds had chased away
The pictures that are conjured up in sleep.

Pictures so beautiful! We call them dreams!
So vivid oft'—e'er fading into naught.
Could we but catch and hold them—for it seems
This One was beautiful! And it was caught.

APPOMATTOX

Down where the Appomattox flows
We stood! Where years agone
Lines of outreaching earthworks rose;
The hills around were rife with foes,
By bloody conflicts torn.

Far on stretched miles of Southern soil,
Beneath a Southern sun;
Where sons of wealth, and sons of toil,
Hard fought to end tempestuous broil—
His cause, the righteous One.

And standing there, the pines, it seemed—
Grouped pines!—and scanty trees—
Sighed—as we oft'-times hear in dreams,
When shadowy visions give us gleams
Of scenes akin to these.

They moved! These trees! And moving sighed,
And with strange cadence told
How brothers met! How, side by side,
From North and South, they fought and died,
Under two Flags enrolled.

Again they moved! Those grim old pines
Moved with responsive nod!
Half century gone! Those bitter times!
Gone with their sad, dividing lines!
Into oblivion gone! Thank God!

Industries now find soil for growth,
No sound of cannon jars;
While to the winds of North and East,
To kindred South, and far-off West,
Is flung "Old Glory's" Stars.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED AT GETTYSBURG

Up from the South, in the long Summer days,
And down from the neighboring North,
When the twilight soft hung long in the vales,
It was then that the troops came forth—
Came forth from the States of the self-same land,
The men that as brothers—not foes—should stand.

That was long years since! and the turf today
Grows green over Government Ground.
Some five and twenty square miles in that fray
Were stained, when the Peace-God frowned—
When the Peace-God frowned, and some thousands fell
At the sound of the War-God's deep death knell.

The boys in blue, and the boys in gray,
Closed in—over long stone wall—
And fought, and fell, till the close of the day,
And the night covered all with a pall—
Covered all with a pall, as the big stars shed
Their glistening tears over countless dead.

Not always 'twill be—for the change must come,
And the God-part in man must show;
He must rise to himself! He must come to his own!
And the brute in the man must go.
To adjust vexed questions by warfare—what then?
But a barbarous streak left in civilized man.

Long years have gone! And great monuments rise
As tributes to men and their deeds;
The wheat field, once trampled and gory, now lies
Soft and green, through good-fellowship seeds.
With his musket set high, old John Burns standing nigh
Shows a spirit to fight—and, if need be, to die.

The little Wade Cottage? That, too, is still there!
The bullet-pierced door they will show;
They will tell how a ball swiftly whizzed through the air,
And the one woman-victim lay low—
The one woman-victim lay dead on the spot,
In that third day's fight, by a death-dealt shot.

They are holding the field, but they stand in stone—
These heroes, who fought in the past;
This life-work o'er, and the war is done—
God grant it may be the last!
We want no more, that the sons of the land
Be victims, to settle the issues at hand.

We want that the sun should shine as now
On gardens, and fields well tilled;
That the lamps of Heaven new luster show,
And the voice of the War-God stilled.
But always, on all of these graves, we'll lay
A pansy, and fresh-culled rosemary spray.

Go visit today that historical spot!
There—facing each other—you'll see
On opposite heights, where their troops lined up,
The Generals—Meade and Lee.
For the Peace-God, now, holds the long stone wall,
And the same "Old Glory" waves high over all.

OUR SUNNY SOUTH

Where the blossoms yield fresh fragrance, wooing every passing breeze
As it lingers—softly whispering mid the moss-hung, live-oak trees—
Or it plays æolian murmurings with the multi-varied palms,
Finding trysting-place most brilliant, mid poinsettia's floral arms.

If we catch its meaning rightly, this it surely seems to say—
"Come! and tarry here till haply Northern snows have passed away."
Here, if luckless flakes should venture—foolish flakes!—Old Sol would fain
Hie them hence—in rapid measure; they would scarce return again.

E'en the palms—with long, slim fingers—by these fairy zephyrs fanned—
Seem to beckon—"Come! and linger in our balmy Southern land!"
"Come where bright-hued bougainvillia spreads its wealth of foliage gay,
Where are hedges of hibiscus, clothed in royal, rich array."

"Where the modest, bell-shaped freesia—in its golden, perfumed wealth—
Breathes an added scented story to the beauties of the South.

Where the windings of the river, and its jungle-bordered slopes,
Call with softest ripplings ever—'Come ye back, ye Northern folks!' "

"Come where ocean rolls and kisses every sand within its reach!
Come and watch it ever circling over hard and matchless beach!
Rolling on—and circling ever over miles! a score and more!
Ever swirling—white and foaming—over hard, coquina floor."

"Come where Ormond Beach and Sea Bright offer wave-washed, joyous stay!
While across the stream, Daytona—in sweet, blossom-laden way—
Lures the guest from foam of ocean with her wealth of trees and flowers,
Offering rare and—*n'est-ce-pas?*—needed—*'dolci far nienti'* hours."

'Tis our South that calls the stranger, with its snow-white cherokees,
Groves—so full of flower and fruitage, vistas of palmetto trees;
Avenues of oaks o'erarching, Nature's bounty bursting forth,
Birds—and bowers—and scent of flowers, calling to our Sunny South.

REAL FOLKS

Drop the worry and the flurry
That "Off-Islanders" all know;
Leave the turmoil well behind you,
Come where old Dame Nature'll charm you,
And the flowing of the waters
Sings in rhythm as they flow.

Where are Coffins—and the Folgers—
And a score of old-time names;
Those whose sires, in long-gone ages,
Settled here—and lived—and tilled it,
Plucked the wild flowers strewn upon it,
On its moors and rambling lanes.

Here these grandsires, flushed with manhood,
Bloomed the land and sailed the sea;
Loved their Island home with ardor,
Blue of sky and breath of water.
And for those who settled yonder
Felt but heart-felt sympathy.

Those "Off-Islanders"! So luckless!
Those whose lives were cast elsewhere—
Out beyond this charmèd circle,
Fringed with wave and tidal ripple,
Blessed by nature! Soft in verdure
And in tempered Gulf Stream air.

Here, today, their children's children
Live their peaceful, cultured lives,
With Atlantic's waves around them,
Far horizon's verge as guardsman,
Depths of blue beneath and o'er them—
In God's vast, eternal skies.

With the thoughts of quaint Nantucket,
Such dear visions o'er me steal,
Of a rambling, old-time haven
Mid a people that are real;
Where one's life seems worth the living,
And Our God—His Best is giving.

Visions come of vine-clad doorways
And low porches wrapped in green;
Climbing cucumbers' white blossoms
Hanging full, lest gaps be seen.
And hammock, 'neath wistaria vine,
Suggests ideal Summering time.

Oft'-times now they tell us stories
Of the sailing of the fleet,
When the fisher-folk—brave toilers!—
Sought the fin-life of the deep;
Sought, and gained the oil that lighted
Both the home and village street.

Then they tell us of their women
Waiting months so anxiously,
From the "Captain's walk" long gazing
Out—away—on endless sea;
Watching, from that house-top railing,
Safe return of fleet's long sailing.

And they tell us—Aye! they show us
Many a liliputian home,
Resting here, or nestling yonder
On a street with grass o'ergrown;
Where window-blooms with cheeriness
Seem nodding "Howdy do" to us.

Here is nature in its trueness,
Unalloyed with thought of gain;
While beyond—across that ocean—
Lie old Portugal and Spain.
Then we gaze on these old doorways,
And we say, "We'll come again."

We will cross the moors to Sconset,
Little Sconset by the sea;
And we'll stop and gather florets
In their moorland ecstasy.
The wild rose and deep rose-mallow,
And in June—hadsonia yellow.

"Then we gaze on these old doorways,
And we say, 'We'll come again'"

Purple heather, too, we'll gather,
Should we find its hiding place;
Dainty pink-and-starred sabbatia,
Flax and orchids in full measure.
These—and more—as weeks are fleeting—
Lift their lovely heads in greeting.

We will cross the moors in Autumn,
With its glory in full power!
When its waves of brilliant beauty
Grow the deeper, hour by hour.
When are massed Earth's choicest colorings,
And the varied Art is shown
Of Th' Eternal, Great Head-Master—
'Tis the Touch of God alone.

* * * * * * *

Now, sails are missing! And here, today,
The fishermen's wives ne'er look that way;
'Tis only the splash of the salt-sea spray
That breaks the silence out Sconset way.
It speaks! and its ripple comes back to me,
And it says, "I am now but a sailless sea."

A WESTERN PORTAL

Wonders of Earth! In twain great boulders rent
And narrow aperture! Where centuried rocks
Have cleft—and left but small and walled-in space
For Iron Horse, that traveler's door unlocks.

Great Granite Gateway! Wrapping us in
Where stillness reigns and sun-rays peep askance,
Softening the light; where busy, hoary Time
Keeps up its never-ending, pattering dance.

Our Glorious West! Where Buttes and Mesas rise,
Staid and abrupt! and silent as the grave—
Save as the whoop of Redskin cleaves the skies,
Or voice of wild papoose—like joyous wave

Breaks o'er those desert-sweeps in careless glee,
Born of restraint unknown! And as each wave
Brings, echo-like, a child's wild ecstasy,
We catch, accompanying it, this song of Brave.

"Free as the air—or wingèd birds in flight!
Untrammeled we by maze of White Man's cares.
Boundless domain! And but the stars of night
To tell of other and far-distant spheres."

SNOQUALMIE FALLS, WASHINGTON

We stood, long years agone, mid towering growth,
Where sun-rays rarely pierced to hidden grounds:
Where darksome thickness covered Mother-Earth,
And inner stillness knew no outward sounds
Save dash of torrent!—like tumultuous roar
Of plunging waters! This—and nothing more.

A deep-set wilderness! And listening—awed!—
We said, "Primeval! Work of Nature's God;
Who here hath thus majestically reared
So classic Temple!—up from Nature's sod."
We stood today—and lo! the Temple gone!
No landmark of that long-ago—save one—

The great, ethereal spread of blue o'erhead,
Where cloudlets soft, and vari-hued, hung low
And seemed to say—"Those whom ye seek are dead,
Those grand old monarchs of the long-ago!"
"Long did they stand! Their towering, hoary forms
By Sun-God warmed and lit by million moons."

These told sad tale! And still another spake!
And spake, in tones depressed, of grandeur gone!
So full of tragedy! It seemed to wake
A pathos strange, the while it trickled on.
So pitiful the tones in which it sighed—
"As Mighty Falls I lived! As Martyr died."

"Naught now but crippled, listless stream I flow
And fall—not having spirit left to lunge—
And dance in foam on rock-bed hewn below;
Or laugh in play—or roar in old-time plunge.
My waters harnessed—by some strange decree—
My withered life crawls on—suggestively"—

"Of what I was—and what I long had been:
Mighty in splash—and dash—and natural force!
A work of higher power than mortal man!
Perverted now—I murmur but of loss."
So do the Wheels of Progress oft'-times crush
Some honored landmark, in their onward rush.

So do these Wheels of Progress fell the trees,
And oft' no saplings rise from Mother-Earth;
Till of her Monarchs, kissed by Centuries' breeze,
Is left but pitiful and mournful dearth.
So pitiful! We cry aloud—"How long
Will old Dame Nature look thus calmly on?"

"How long will she—so great and big of heart—
Give of her fullness, and still freely give?
How long will woodman play his felling part,
And her rich forestry still pulse and live?"
How long?—'Tis he who taking heed will say,
"Earth's bounty ceases at no distant day."

ON A PROLONGED STAY AT THE P. P. I. E. OF 1915

We stand amid the vari-colored flowers,
Each lifting smiling faces to the blue;
Each one a Master-touch from Master-powers,
Giving their perfumed homage where 'tis due.

We think it ours—this Summer Land so fair;
No Voice astir! just whispering of the winds.
So still! Naught breaks upon the air
But note of birdling or the flap of wings.

Beyond the portals weary hosts have gone,
A world of tired feet move on elsewhere;
But we! We linger! Linger here alone
To breathe fresh fragrance from the evening air.

We catch the glory of the silvered night,
And scintillations from the Jeweled Tower;
In peaceful waters peer—and clear to sight—
Rise arches doubled by their mirrored power.

"Albeit in marble cold—this dimpled face—
We catch the spirit haply shadowed there"

Is it not classic ground on which we tread?
Do we not breathe of fair Italia's air?
Tall pillars rear their shrub-grown forms o'erhead,
Where moonbeams play and coyly linger there.

Anon they pause, as we—with pitying thought—
And touch a head bowed low—of manhood shorn,
A crushed, nigh-lifeless form! The light all out—
All love—ambition—hope—forever gone.

So does the "Outcast" crouch—nor bare his face,
Nor catch one gleam of peace from yonder skies;
We long to whisper how a God of Grace
Can wipe the blackest tears from weeping eyes.

* * * * * * *

Slowly and sadly do we step aside—
To catch the helpful gleam of childhood's mirth,
Replete with happiness! To joy alive!
A blossom sweet to lift the clouds of Earth!

Albeit in marble cold—this dimpled face—
We catch the spirit haply shadowed there;
Perhaps, unconsciously, we feel a trace
Of cheery childhood's influence brought to bear.

Smile on, dear Child! Smiles are not all in vain!
Mayhap some weary passer-by—the while—
May catch your joy! And taking heart again
Move on refreshed, to answer smile with smile.

What—with this young life gone—this world of ours?
Furrowed, at times, by shadows dense and grim;
And how much brighter e'en our golden hours,
Where Children's Voices make the welkin ring.

* * * * * * *

So move we on—at times alive with mirth,
Catching the spirit of a happy face;
Then, in our hearts, a sadness oft' finds birth—
As sculptured hunger pleads in wayside space.

Wondering we gaze on horse and rider yon!
Broken of heart, as Earthly powers fail
To spur them yet a little farther on,
While slowly fades the light in narrowing vale.

For both 'tis reached! Each posture speaks "the end"!
Like sobbing, plaintive moan comes long-drawn sigh;
'Tis but a wayside halt—where door of friend
Bids entry to the shadowy by and by.

"— ———! The twain well-nigh have found
Their Summer Land! ———————"

For both 'tis reached! The twain well-nigh have found
Their Summer Land! Ere setting of the sun
They'll wander through their "Happy Hunting Ground"—
Whence The Great Spirit bids his wanderers "Come!"

Where Fields are green with fresh, perennial life,
And Mountains tower o'er many a flowering vale;
They'll find it leads—*this* wilderness of strife—
But to an Earthly end—"End of the Trail."

* * * * * * *

Linger we now, where curves a Classic Wall—
Which woos, at times, the vine to reach its height;
A thing of beauty, as day's sunbeams fall;
A poem—wrapped in shadows of the night.

Where moonbeams creeping, reach to pergola,
Lingering on portal wide, for flitful play—
This open door which welcomes wanderer
Who fain would entrance find where Art holds sway.

Pause as the moonbeams kiss, with fairy lips,
The central group of "Mother and her Twain."
"Surely," we say—while passing 'neath an arch—
"We're rambling in the dear Old World again."

* * * * * * *

On, then, we wander to where Nations meet,
Bringing their fruits of varied industries;
Where our home-Artisans thus haply greet
Their brother-Artisans from o'er the seas.

Sons of the brush, and sons of hardy toil;
Sons who, from pencil sketch, rear mighty domes;
Sons of our own prolific Mother-Soil—
And all with products from respective homes.

All here united on a common ground;
Peoples of varied types, and tongues, and birth;
Peoples from all known climes our sphere around,
These human links that girdle all the Earth.

Long would we linger mid these rich results
Of skill—of science—and of native brawn;
Great, fitting Monument! Great impetus
To those who seek fresh laurels—to toil on!

* * * * * * *

One vastly great! None greater yet achieved!
The marvel of our Twentieth Century times!
All space annulled! Seas linked with far-off seas,
And Continents with distant, varied climes.

All brought together! Not by steam and rail!
Not by great sea-craft! nor by kindred force!
But miles on miles—like seeming endless trail—
As naught, when covered by the human voice.

Thus here—and we—on fair Pacific's slope
Can hear the voices from a far-off shore;
The current news—and music's softest note,
And from Atlantic's waves, their splash and roar.

Uncanny! Most uncanny! And we say
What more to conquer? Man has sought the skies!
Has found a limited, aërial way.
Already he takes fearless flight—and flies.

We feel advancing with advancing World,
A part are we—e'en but integral part—
Striving to read aright these leaves unfurled—
From Book of Progress, and from School of Art.

* * * * * * *

We look through Golden Gate far out to sea,
Where broad Pacific sinks the setting sun;
Flooded indeed that Gate with brilliancy
Of golden overflow, when day is done.

Flooded with glory, as its closing hours
Cover the firmament with matchless light;
Spreading o'er Earth and Sea great golden showers,
Which yield their glory but to starry night.

Ah, but ere curtain falls on scene so rare,
Ere stately buildings, tottering, fall to Earth,
We'd give expression to this Wondrous Fair—
In highest praise to those who gave it birth.

Long will its beauty in the memory rest,
Its shaded avenues and softened lights—
A fitting haunt for sprite or spirit blest,
This Dreamland!—mellowed by queen moonlight nights.

AS THE PAST COMES FLOODING IN AND THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES BEGIN

Just once within the big year's round we pause,
When early sundown shortens wintry days;
When crackling family log up chimney roars,
And into annual life comes Santa Claus,
Brimful of secrets and mysterious ways.

Aye! bid him welcome! and the faith withal
Of happy childhood in its bounteous friend;
Laden with book and ball—and drum and doll—
We'd have him live—whom Santa Claus we call.
His stay, alas! and childhood's dreams soon end.

So short the time, e'er stern realities
And problems meet us at life's open doors;
Let us renew our faith with childlike ease,
Let us but dream awhile—if so we please—
And hold in heart our old friend, Santa Claus.

Let us then pause, in rounding the big year,
And send our thoughts a-wandering off at will;
We'll halt to pick up threads of memories dear,
And smile as faces dearly loved appear—
The dear, old faces—loved and loving still.

We dropped those threads, alas! in days of yore—
But now—all space is bridged! years lost to sight!
And but for Christmas, we might not restore
This loosened chain, and make it taut once more,
Thus binding "long-ago" with "now"—tonight.

No space divides! 'Tis blessed memory time!
How thoughts speed off to meet a thought in kind!
We catch—in cadence low—a Christmas chime,
We catch fond greetings in a far-off clime,
And heart goes forth responsive heart to find.

What matters it, if land-miles intervene?
The lights on friendship's Altar are re-lit.
What matters it, if seas roll in between?
United hearts are grouped within the scene—
Once more together!—as sweet memories knit.

* * * * * * *

We want to weave a long-drawn chain—until
Its length will span this great terrestrial ball;
In every loop we'll pinion sweet "good will,"
And every shred of thread with "peace" we'll fill—
This Christmas Eve—as night's deep shadows fall.

We'll bid the "dove of peace" to bear it round,
Nor cease till he has girdled all the earth;
Till each and every child of God is found—
We'll bid him make the world-wide air resound
With "Merry Christmas," and with Christmas mirth.

We'll bid him longer, sweeter notes employ
In homes, not hard to find, where naught is given;
Where little children know no Christmas joy,
Nor merriment which comes with trifling toy—
The giving which, means stepping stones to Heaven.

"He gives to Me"—'Tis thus we've long been told—
"Who gives unto the very least of these"—
Thus spake the Master in the days of old.
And ever since, as centuries unfold,
A "still small voice"—it seems—still intercedes.

Let us then pause, nor bid the spirit go!
Dear Christmas spirit! born when hearts were young.
Welcome each Christmas Morn, with hallowed glow!
Welcome each sweet surprise! and haply show
How full our hearts of sympathy and song.

And to our dove! We'll speed him on, and say,
Above all else—be this his constant call—
Above his tender matin roundelay—
Above his notes of cheer along the way—
Above all else! just this—"God bless us all!"

A TRIBUTE TO "THE RED CROSS"

Was ever Mother-Love more truly shown,
  Or more of pity felt in tender heart?
With every fiber of her feelings torn,
  And into action her whole being brought.

Honor to Thee! Great Mother of the World!
  Homage we yield, where 'tis so richly due;
And for the speechless lips and eyes now closed,
  We say for them—what they would say to you.

You—who gave food and healing to the fresh-made wound,
  And Mother-Care to win them back to health;
Or—if a call from out the "Great Beyond,"
  A Mother-Touch to close the eyes in death.

Ready—and always—with your outstretched arms—
  To welcome give and tenderness bestow;
Watching, through thrilling hours of war's alarms,
  The threatening coming of a brutal foe.

The GREATEST MOTHER in the WORLD

"Honor to Thee! Great Mother of the World!
Homage we yield, where 'tis so richly due"

For us they fought—these Braves! Our homes to save;
For us they fell! Our honor to uphold.
That grand "Old Glory" from each hilltop wave,
And Peace—a World-wide Peace—be well enrolled.

We think they'd say—these righteous souls now gone—
Could hands but clasp and lips repeat the thought,
We think they'd say—this great and noble throng—
"Our lives we gave!" Be it not said—"for naught"!

"Let us have Peace"—based not on One-Man Power,
Nor yet on Militant and Autocratic Might;
"Let us have Peace! To each man rightful dower,
Of Law—not License—under Freedom's Light."

"Under its torch, and for its cause we died;
Under its torch, the 'Stars and Stripes' unfurled.
And you! Great Mother! 'Tis with righteous pride
We say—your heroism helped redeem the World."

A MID-OCEAN MARCONIGRAM

A mid-sea message! Hearty greetings sent
Out into space. Above the waves it went!
Borne on the lightness of the unseen air—
Then shot across—and caught by magnet—where

It brings response. Dear, friendly words, to me
Come unseen back—across the depths of sea;
Eager I read—while strange emotions stir—
"À toi, mille souvenirs les meilleurs."

Uncanny this! Forth from a ship it goes,
And laughs its way amid the wind that blows;
A thing invisible! and, by aërial feat,
Comes back with greetings, or—with news replete.

Unearthly thing! naught seen of spirit flight!
Yet ships in passing speak, both day and night;
A little click sent into starlight fair—
Or, when Sol warms each molecule of air,

It speeds more swift than carrier-bird made free,
Leaving its message where 'tis meant to be.
Amazing Power! We hold thee but in part!
We see thee not!—nor know we what thou art.

And of the future! Hast thou more to bring,
Thou most uncanny, almost *living* thing?
What new developments may not arise?
Art thou in bondage to a space? erstwise—
And to thy power, this earth no limit hurls—
Then may'st thou penetrate to other worlds?

THE WELCOME OF THE GULLS

On what are we gazing, far off on horizon?
On what, but an infinitesimal line.
We ask—"Is it Something?"—or only a "seeming"?—
Where limits of cloud-bed and ocean combine.

Far off and away! yet the line seems to deepen,
To deepen and grow, as the waves backward roll;
We gaze half-perplexed, while the heart throbs with feeling,
And says—in heart language—we're nearing the goal.

Anon, come the "White Wings," with swift, graceful circling,
With swoopings and chatterings, we interpret to be—
"If land you are seeking, we've come with a greeting;
We're feathered aëroplanes—Lords of the Sea."

"We're far-flyers, too, taking rest on the billow;
Pray toss out a morsel of food as our pay!
We know where, together, grow furze and the heather;
With flap of our wings we'll take lead in the way."

More comrades come speeding, the distance unheeding,
And thus with battalions of "White Wings" we sail;
While coastline is lengthening, we know beyond doubting,
'Twas land that we sighted—and Erin we hail.

THE LITTLE GREEN ISLE

Once more we behold thee! Thy hills like an emerald!
Sure, all that have known thee, thy beauties will tell!
Thy golden-hued furze, and the wild spraying shamrock;
The heather, and murmur of stream in the dell.

"'If land you are seeking, we've come with a greeting;
We're feathered aëroplanes—Lords of the Sea'"

Thy sunny-faced lassies—and quick-witted laddies—
Thy highways, and byways, and half-hidden stile,
Where love gives a token, and love-words are spoken,
And only love-ditties are sung all the while.

Thy ivy-clad abbeys, and soft, rivered valleys,
Thy sweet words of welcome, so hearty and free;
Thy Lakes of Killarney, Glengariff, and Blarney—
Thy charms! who can number? Bound but by the Sea.

'Tis here that Mavourneen, her heart light as mornin',
And burstin' with love for the "swateheart" at hand,
Will well-nigh caress you—the Mother'll "God bless you!"
And something—"good nature"—grows wild in the land.

A something indigenous! fertile and vigorous!
Of child and of Mother—and grandame a part.
Like sweet flower growing, that's always in blooming;
Like bird singing softly in depths of the heart.

Ah, bloom on, sweet floret! and sing, unseen warbler!
Lose not the fresh blossom, nor cease the sweet lay;
Look well for the dawning of every new morning!
Have ready a heartsease and song for the day!

Let us never reject it, but rather accept it,
This lightness of spirit, like joy of the morn.
Dear hearts! they beat warmly, yet suffer as keenly,
Whenever by sorrow their strong chords are torn.

No colleens are fairer! no turf grown is greener!
Where find we more picturesque walls than at Slane?
To thy ruins in ivy, to Caragh in Kerry—
And to all thy green hillsides, we've come back again.

Ah, green hills of Ireland! Ye're well-clad in verdure,
From Giant's Big Steps to the far Bantry Bay;
May Peace lift her banner forever upon Ye!
And keep your heart bloomin' like blossoms in May.

THE PRICE OF A HORSE

OR, PAT'S REQUEST AT DUBLIN

'Tis a mighty keen "moind" have the Irish,
And wonderful how it will leap!
You'll find, as you journey among them,
The Irishman's far from "ashleep"!

"Ah, green hills of Ireland! Ye're well-clad in verdure"

Greatly stopped is the begging in Ireland,
One hears only once in a while—
"You're Welcome! and have ye a pinny
To help me along, and the 'Choile'?"

But what do you think of the driver,
When ended a modest-like course—
When, as coolly as morn in November,
He asks for—"the price of a horse"!

And this is the way that he argues—
'Tis about twenty pounds it would cost—
"And phwat would that be to the rich loikes of ye?
'Twould be like but a ha'penny lost."

"I'll name the horse *fur*-yer, Miloidy!
I can see now, your heart, how it melts!"
" 'Tis betther you give it to me, Ma'am,
Than lave it wid arny warne else."

INNISFALLEN

"Sweet Innisfallen"—so writeth a poet—
A loved poet, too! Whose charmed words live in song.
He said of this Isle—and he well knew and loved it—
"Is dimpled in smiles—and in memory lives long."

Aye! Sweet Innisfallen! Thy rocks and thy ruins,
Thy green-covered hills running down to a dell;
Thy ash and thy holly—thy high lights and shadows,
So winsome in beauty! Resistless thy spell.

Like coy, lovely maiden—thou fair Innisfallen!
Art kissed by the waters which flow by Donloe;
Then on—past bold Torc—in his green mantle towering,
And keeping good watch on Killarney's clear flow.

Smile on, Innisfallen! Enshrined in rich verdure!
With shades of old ivy-wrapped Ross within call;
While other near isles smile in beauty upon you,
Thou, "Sweet Innisfallen," art fairest of all.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Back in the far agone!—too far almost
For mortal mind to contemplate and grasp!—
From heat volcanic, or by what convulsed,
Nature achieved a great, Herculean task;
High hilltops called aloud unto the Deep,
Then headlong plunged adown a rock-bound steep.

Now, from the Sea, great, curious columns rise,
Washed ever by its restless, rhythmic waves—
As if in ripplings—like sweet lullabys—
Or thunderous rushings into near-by caves—
'Twould tell how Giants, in the days of yore,
Would pave a Causeway to yon Scottish shore.

Whate'er the hindrance met—no legends say—
Well-versed those Gaelic Giants in their art;
Their columns, made in sections, rise today,
With every part dropped deftly into part.
Symmetric forms! Clever indeed the hand
To make from lava-flow, great columns stand.

'Twould seem their will, to be remembered long,
Impressions personal are seen today;
A profile perfect—gazing out from stone—
With fixed, determined mien—as if to say—
"Our race, 'twould seem, is ended on this earth!
But say not so! We may have second birth."

"We may return, who knows? and wrestle hard!
And once more pit our strength against the rocks!
Meanwhile—Bengore and Fairhead, standing guard,
Will keep an Irish eye upon the Scots.
For Centuries coming, will our columns last—
And tell the sleepings of long Centuries past."

MELROSE ABBEY

There, where the Tweed flows close to Abbotsford,
Where Master-spirit lived—and still does live;—
For long as "Waverley" is read and loved,
So long, of richest store 'twill freely give.
There—near at hand—is what we'd call a dream,
Were it not part of a substantial scene.

"No vesper chanting heard within its walls—
No long Te Deums, and to prayer—no calls"

We say, as sunbeams creep along its eaves,
And chase each other 'mong the "curly green"—
What peaceful spirit is it that pervades
In this—of Scotland's ruins—rightful Queen!
No vesper chanting heard within its walls—
No long Te Deums, and to prayer—no calls.

Only the birds to tell the story now,
How monks had wandered during hours for sleep;
Had sung their mass at midnight, soft and low,
And breathed their Miserères—long and deep.
We wander, as the evening shadows fall—
And hear—or think we hear—that midnight call.

Still does the wee face smile on outer wall—
Unmindful of the time-worn slabs around:
With open mouth, the gargoyle-pig would call
From place of vantage high above the ground.
Still do we wander, as the moonbeams soft
Light up the faces of the saints aloft.

Soft, as by fairy brush, they cover all—
  Till flying buttress seems aglow with light;
Creeping through great East window—down the wall,
  Chasing from chancel every thought of night—
Touching a capital—till curly leaf
Comes out in clear-cut, beautiful relief.

What would old David First be apt to say,
  If—peradventure—known are mundane things—
Where corner-stone he laid in bygone day,
  Is still a shrine, to which past history clings;
Where still the heart of Bruce rests undisturbed—
His hourly requiem sung by passing bird.

And good Saint Bride! Through many ages past,
  She here has stood in sanctimonious pose—
On well-wrought pedestal, her lot is cast—
  Scarce heeding Time—nor how it comes nor goes.
The face wears stoic look, not pious tone—
'Tis long—for e'en a saint—to stand alone.

We question—Melrose! if in palmy days,
Thy wondrous charm was beautiful as now?
When nave and choir reëchoed priestly lays,
And prayer succeeded prayerful entrance vow.
Where, then, were moonbeams playing hide and seek;
And where, the birdlings nestling in their sleep?

Thou'rt lovely now! so peaceful! so at rest!
So full of harmony in every line!
Vaulting and Norman arches both attest
How long, in unison, they've conquered time.
Thy charms today—for grandeur past—atone!
Thou *art* a dream! held fast in traceried stone.

THE KNIGHTWOOD TREE

MONARCH OF THE NEW FOREST, ENGLAND

To W. B. D.

No insect stirred! no song of bird!
No earthly, nor unearthly sound was heard.

The very air seemed wont to share
That wondrous quiet lurking everywhere.

Wild horses roam, hard by, at home,
And cattle chew the cud, in groups, alone—

All o'er these moors—where chill wind blows,
And where, like mantle spread, the heather grows.

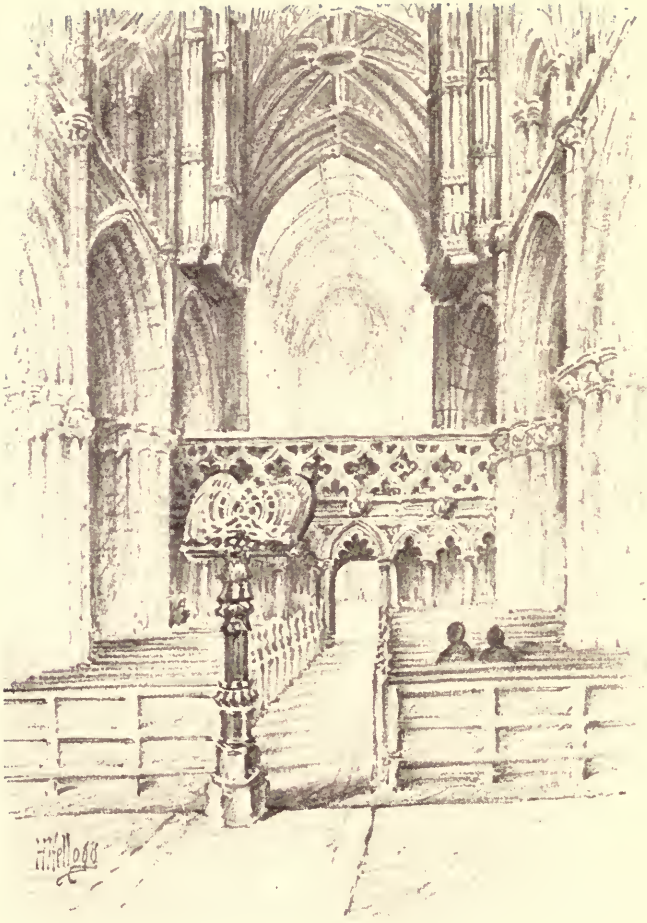
But here—no rude, loud sounds intrude,
Just silence deep—in forest solitude.

The world is ours, beneath these boughs,
Where dim, Cathedral-light, the old oak showers.

A sheltered nest in forest vast,
Nirvana-like, in somber, passive rest.

Soft shadows fell, and seemed to tell
How night found starless home within that dell.

And we—just we—stepped noiselessly—
As drew the veil around the Knightwood Tree.



"Seated, with sunlight through stained windows streaming,
Naught but weird silence filling aisles and nave"

CATHEDRAL ORGAN ECHOES

Seated, with sunlight through stained windows streaming,
Naught but weird silence filling aisles and nave,
Peaceful the thoughts that came o'er senses stealing,
Till all things worldly seem to slowly fade.

No footfall heard! no sound on marble flooring!
Only the saints in glass—to hear our call;
They, with their upraised eyes, and lips, adoring
The unseen God—and Father of us all.

Silence profound! but—is it sound or seeming?
We and the Saints in close Communion there—
When—like a whisper—rose such sweet refraining—
As if, by angel hands, it called to prayer.

Chord rose on chord! now softly—and now swelling!
Still the same symphony amid high arches borne—
Held by them quivering—then—like echoes fading—
Only to swell again, as if by Heavenly Throng.

"Wherefore with angels—and archangels"—chanting,
While we, in rapture, catch the spirit song;
Faint—scarcely heard—mid lofty rafters straying—
"Wherefore with angels—with angels—angels—gone!"

HOLLAND

Far and away stretch fertile pasture lands,
Their level surfaces well dotted o'er
With grazing herds. Where windmills turn like fans,
Just lazily—unchanged since days of yore.

Green stretch of flooring—smooth, and but disturbed
As Holstein Brindle—clad in black and white—
Paces her rounds, and chews her endless cud
From break of day to uneventful night.

Anon a narrow highway stretches on,
Perhaps a little raised beyond the fields—
Whose green and fertile sides hang close upon
The lazy water-strip which intervenes.

"Specific places show a prideful thought!
The snowy caps of near-by Volendam"

(See page 102)

Water! 'Tis everywhere! 'Neath street and home!
Even the human nest is perched on piles!
What though the sea invades with splash and foam,
And buildings stand on stilts for miles and miles.

What though it long has sought and fought to win,
And crept with stealthy swirl upon the land;
Or—checked by dike-defense—comes thundering in,
With hopes to lay a final conquering hand.

Futile its efforts in this constant fray.
Men, too, have fought! Fought long and grandly, too!
Are fighting now, to keep the sea at bay—
And prove what odds great courage can subdue.

Here 'tis that Rembrandt lived—and here we find
A glorious canvas in its birthright place;
Result of genius great, and art combined,
A powerful Master's rich-toned Master-piece.

Fine grouping in "The Night Watch"! Tense and clear!
Each face would merit add to artist's name—
If quite apart on canvas could appear,
Each showing Master-touch, might rise to fame.

And Franz Hals, too! Whose twinkling merriment
Inspires a smile, in spite of grouch or gloom—
We're prone to think an hour with Hals well spent;
We catch his spirit and we feel in tune.

Smiles scatter smiles! And e'en unconsciously
We breathe the freer, scarcely knowing why.
Lighter of heart—and catching, happily,
A little joy to scatter by and by.

* * * * * * *

Our interest widens! And we let it stray
Off beyond cities, with their treasured art.
Near by are islands of the Zuyderzee,
Where life and habits seem a thing apart.

Where styles are legion in a local dress,
We scarce know which, and where, should hold the palm;
Each island has its own! All picturesque,
And all with strong vividity in tone.

Specific places show a prideful thought!
The snowy caps of near-by Volendam—
Head-bands of brass—or gold—or silver wrought,
And temple-spirals worn in Amsterdam.

"A Hebe here? She, with the buxom arms!
Exposed alike to heat and frigid air"

(See page 104)

Heirlooms, oft'-times! Most treasured ornaments!
And though so picturesque on temple worn,
To wear the spiral gracefully—one thinks
One must to spirals have been haply born.

We'd fain give Marken praise for brilliant red—
And blue—and gay and general quaint attire;
Where chrome-like curl hangs either side the head,
And boys to manly garb do not aspire.

"No boys"—quoth one! "All girls within the home?"
No romping boys of early, tender years?
As till to age of seven they have grown,
They wear the same apparel sister wears.

* * * * * * *

And here our fancy takes us back to rest
Where ring the sleepless bells of Middelburg;
Only the bells keep wide-awake! All else
Lives in an active ease, we'd ne'er disturb.

Not so old Veere[1]! Minus hopes and fears,
Her's is a strange siesta! Long and deep!
We wonder will she doze through endless years,
Or—is it like to Rip Van Winkle sleep?

[1] As if Veerie.

So still the streets! One fears to speak aloud,
Lest such hilarity disturb the fisher-folk—
Or dreaming artists seated—start at sound—
And drop, alas! a false, unsteady stroke.

Sleep, little Veere! Sleep! Thy pulse beats low,
Thy days are waning in an evening light;
We'll seek, by narrow highway—greater glow,
And tarry where the bells ring day and night—

In quaint old Middelburg! 'Tis here we'll stay
And sip the flavor of an old-time town;
We'll linger long enough for market-day
To bring the clustering groups in cap and gown.

No scanty gowns are these—nor are they worn
By slender forms—with grace adown the lines;
Rather a fullness—which is broad as long,
For maid of Middelburg to breadth inclines.

A Hebe here? She, with the buxom arms!
Exposed alike to heat and frigid air.
We mortals differ as to woman's charms!
These rounded maids would yield to sylphs elsewhere.

"Are they not puppets?—or, at least, on show?
'Women in miniature'—we're prone to say"

The wee folks, too, are sure the quaintest things!
With blooming hip and cut-off mother-gown;
Like dressed-up dolls—to which no childhood clings—
As broad across as are they up and down.

Gazing, we wonder—do they think and play?
Are they not puppets? or, at least, on show?
"Women in miniature"—we're prone to say,
So unlike happy childhood that we know.

Unlike, and yet—each "to the Manor born!"
Does not parental influence give a tone?
Some little faces seem of childhood shorn,
Some radiate the sunshine of the home.

And now again the question comes—and oft'—
Where do we find the greater interest lay?
In well-grown cities, with their treasured art,
Or in these unchanged nooks, tucked well away?

Both are such endless source of wonderment!
And here, we homage yield to powers that be.
For love of Country, stands this Monument!
These lands of Holland, rescued from the sea.

TO S. S.

IN MEMORY OF A DELIGHTFUL TOUR THROUGH THE HEART OF FRANCE, AND PARTICULARLY TO THE CATHEDRAL TOWN OF BOURGES

A little town, where once were Romans dwelling,
And men, in togas, wandered up and down—
Through rambling streets, their tales of valor telling—
Of how they fought and gained this Gallic town.
'Twas subject to great Cæsar's throne,
Before the Infant Christ was born.

Historic, too, as years on years kept growing,
And little Bourges, in Fifteenth Century days,
Gave France a King! Eleventh Louis! Showing
A reign of craft and gain, through sordid ways.
A man, whose life did strongly blend
Shrewd cruelty to bitter end.

"We pause, as softly twilight falls—
Then pass within Cathedral walls"

But 'tis not now of cold past facts we're thinking,
  But of our visit on an Autumn day;
Just as the sun in yonder west was sinking,
  Sending through old stained glass a lingering ray.
We pause, as softly twilight falls—
Then pass within Cathedral walls.

* * * * * * *

Here and there amid the shadows—
  Here and there where darkness fell,
Knelt a suppliant child of Heaven,
  Man or woman—who could tell?
Wrapped in shadow so profound—
Scarce we breathed! 'Twas holy ground!

Outlined faint are massive pillars,
  Caught by vaultings far o'erhead;
Holding arches and triforium,
  In their grasp of stone. 'Tis said
Thus for centuries they have stood,
Sentinels in this House of God.

Silence awesome! one could feel it!
Towering nave and vaulted dome—
Seemed the vestibule of Heaven,
Ante-chamber to the Throne.
Lost was Earth in shadowy past—
We were gaining Heaven at last!

Holy spot, so fraught with blessings,
God's own children sought Him there;
Nearer seemed He in the silence
Of this holy hour of prayer.
Softly still the shadows grew,
Aisles and nave were lost to view.

Still these pilgrims—men or women—
Prayed in silence, bending low;
Talking to the Saints of Heaven,
Words no mortal e'er would know.
Faintest motion stirred the air,
Click of rosary, held in prayer.

"Surely eyes, with mercy gleaming,
Look with sympathy replete"

Light appeared—or semblance of one,
Placed by Verger—here and there—
Just enough to show—mid shadow—
Outlines of a *Prie-Dieu.*
Where, though other faiths professing,
One could kneel and ask a blessing.

Shrine of Mary! Why, we question,
Is Thy shrine a favorite spot?
Is it that, mid scenes celestial,
Earthly pangs are not forgot?
Thou, whose heart was sorely torn,
Know'st the griefs by mortals borne.

Surely eyes, with mercy gleaming,
Look with sympathy replete
Down on those, their earth-loads bearing,
Bowed devoutly at Thy feet.
Mother-Love divine, they see,
Intercession claim from Thee.

* * * * *

Closed behind us are the portals
Of that ancient pile of stone.
Rich and peasant! Light and shadow!
Sacred silence! Nave and dome,
All belong to memories past—
Ever ours—while day-dreams last.

Ours to see those Faithful kneeling!
Ours to hear that click of bead!
Ours to know the prayer ascending—
"Holy Mother, intercede!"
Mental picture! Clear—as when
Spellbound by St. Etienne.

AN HOUR WITH THE VENUS DE MILO

Far down the line—between a silent host,
Where Mars and Psyche would our footsteps stay—
And those with togas o'er the shoulder tossed,
As if to Forum, they would wend their way.

Down beyond portals—on beyond an arch,
Passing old porphery forms from buried lands—
Youthful Apollos passed—yet on we march,
To where the Venus of the Gallery stands.

Many there are, supporting disc or urn,
Some mutilated ones—yes! headless too;
Diana—with but strong and upraised arm—
Or letting go, from bow—an arrow true.

"Venus Marine," or Venus as "L'Amour,"
Enough to feed the world with classic food—
And if they're standing, broken-limbed galore—
Just *think* how many Centuries they've stood.

Far down the line, to where beyond this host
"Venus de Milo" stands within her throne;
Hither we come, in admiration lost—
Here—where she holds admiring Court alone.

As echo to our thoughts, we hear one say,
"Others thought good, I pass—and here advance!
From this, I know not how to turn away!
Perfect in form! Venus *par excellence!*"

LUXEMBOURG GARDENS AND GALLERY

We walk through gardens filled with shrubs in flower,
And under shade of avenues of trees;
Which shade is growing daily less in power,
As fall to ground the early Autumn leaves.

Whate'er effect climatic influence sheds,
They fall indeed, e'er Autumn days have come;
Nor do they change their greens for brilliant reds,
But slip away—as "Brownies"—one by one.

One sees at hand the old-time Odéon,
Where plays go on—and did—in days long gone;
One sees—through vista—the great Pantheon,
Where heroes sleep beneath its mighty dome.

Like looking backward is this atmosphere,
So far removed the Paris of today;
One finds an old-time fragrance lingering here,
Which neither winds, nor years, can chase away.

These gardens spread their flowers for such as we
To loiter in! to catch sweet breath of cheer!
To read on Palace walls strange destiny,
And breathe the air of bygone Paris here.

No kingly splendor lights these walls within,
Echoes—alone—of brilliant Empire days;
Gone are the *"jours des Fêtes,"* and lights are dim,
The Palace lends itself to later ways.

And we will enter where a door swings wide,
Where forms in chiseled marble greet the eye;
Yet pause an instant, e'er we step inside,
To look—with pity—as we're passing by.

A group of blind, quite veiled from light of day;
A wounded dog—and child, with baby face
In arms of poor and pale-faced mother lay,
Looking, in baby fashion, into space.

And true to life—an old and frigid pair,
Whose scanty wraps their shivering forms enfold;
Such suffering, blind—and hungry ones—grouped there,
We want to feed and house them from the cold.

So like to want! so pitiful! Yet those
With cold, white arms seem beckoning us within;
Where tresses long, and sometime garment flows
O'er form of beauty. Chiseled thoughts of men.

They move not, as we pass—nor when we pause
In admiration, bowed at sculptor's shrine;
Pale lips seem wont to speak, and loving eyes
Look into ours—half human, half divine.

They hold us, so to speak, in feelings fond,
So like old friends! we pass them with regret.
Others, we know, are in the rooms beyond—
Whose colorings live in vivid memory yet.

Rosa Bonheur is driving cattle on,
O'er earth upturned, against a half-tone sky;
The morning hours, and mid-day too, have gone,
And working time is slowly passing by.

A strong and telling face stands, where the light
Falls from an attic window on his work;
Paul Mathey's brush, with wondrous touch of might,
Life-action gives in vigorous Master-stroke.

Duran, upon the other side, has left
A head, not handsome, but with lips apart—
As if to speak the keenness that is felt,
And shown, on canvas, by the painter's art.

We hear the clink of money, while we scan
Day's payment to the workers of the soil;
While, to the fore, a strong-veined, bronze-faced man,
In sturdy pose, marks well the son of toil.

The bundled wheat, the peasant's atmosphere,
Where Mother-love and toil are side by side;
All tend to make *"Les Moissonneurs"* appear
The simple life—true life—exemplified.

Time moves along! so fast—so wondrous fast—
And other colorings call us e'er we go;
The lovely flesh tints! the dead child at rest!
The Mother's agony, of Bouguereau.

Sad, sorrowing canvas this! It leaves a pain.
We know the aching of that Mother-heart;
We want the little child to live again,
Or, that "The Mary" comfort may impart.

Unnoticed thus pass all the morning hours,
So full of interest, we would bid them stay!
Another lingering look we claim as ours—
To serve for memory, e'er we turn away.

An Artist's mother, seated in repose,
In her own corner—like a thing apart;
We stand beside her, till to life it grows,
Then leave her—as the honored guest of Art.

THE SWISS STATION SIGNAL

A welcome warm to that old "Ding-dong"!
Like a memory sweet—or a childhood song.
Clearly and strong—"Ding-dong!" "Ding-dong!"
Yet the train heeds not! nor moves it along!

'Tis waiting the guard and a "time-up" knell,
Which comes—"Ding-dong!"—from his signal bell;
It comes—"Ding-dong!"—but in time-honored way
Is saying—"No haste!" "Make a comfortable stay!"

"Ding-dong!"—"Ding-dong!"—Are we here to remain?
"Ding-dong!"—"Ding-dong!"—swings sweetly again!
Once more—"Ding-dong!"—but the engine knows—
'Tis a "send-off" sure—for it really goes.

LAUTERBRUNNEN

Who but knows that Alpine Valley,
Within green-grown, granite walls?
Vale through which one oft'-times wanders
To the sound of yodel calls:
Where—on upper ledge—rests Mürren!
Guard alike of foaming fall—
Green-clad nooks—and glacial stretches—
And the soft Sefinen Tal.

Who has toiled down side of mountain,
Over stream—o'er rocks and shale—
Fails to know the locked-in treasures
Of that Lauterbrunnen Vale?

Her murmurings soft! her silences!
  Her stretch of pastures green!
The luncheon-halt at Trummelbach!
  Her blooms and beauties—seen

By leisure ramble only,
  And when Time spreads out afar—
And one can pause to ponder
  On God's Great, Creative Power.
Why not now a morning ramble
  O'er the traversed Wengern Alp?
Skirting Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau—
  Which eternal frost-flakes wrap—

In a glittering shroud of grandeur—
  From whose depths is borne the roar
Of a rolling, crushing avalanche!
  Repeating o'er and o'er
Its mad, wild call for freedom!
  And breaking from its hold,
Falls thundering—till its fury
  In a muttering heap is rolled.

In wandering on, we'll leisurely
Climb yonder modest peak!
And there, from slopes of Lauberhorn—
The morning's glory seek—
Mid Nature's outstretched wonder-works,
Strewn broadcast o'er this land;
And in stupendous, myriad ways
Proclaims The Master-Hand.

Calling now in meadow softness,
And anon in heights of awe,
For a soulful recognition
Of His Great, Creative Power!
Over yon—in glistening sunlight,
Tower great peaks of endless snow!
While the turf upon the meadows
Lifts its blades for winds to blow.

Soft, these winds bring bird-note to us,
And the ripple of a rill.
How we love it here! While Nature
Whispers—"Peace thy Being fill!"

Then comes sound of bigger streamlet,
Laughing—chattering as it flows!
Glancing up from mossy shelter,
Softly gurgling on it goes.

Now in green-fringed pool we find it
Basking—shimmering in the sun!
Captive, but for little moment—
Haply freed—goes laughing on—
Flowing down and flowing ever!
Helter-skelter! Now in play!
Half concealed at times by verdure—
Then in quiet—hid away.

Ah, ye little mountain streamlet,
How like rhythm is your song!
With your music and your laughter,
Speed away and babble on!
Happy Sprite! What wondrous pleasure—
Catching sunbeams all day long!
Reflex of yon dome of azure,
This is how we catch your song.

"And within you village resting,
Flooded with the moon's soft beams,
With the stars their vigils keeping,
We will dream our Alpine dreams"

(See page 122)

"I go merrily all day through,
Babbling on as falls the dew!
Twinkling stars all joyously
Keep their midnight tryst with me!
So I dance and babble on,
Ceasing not when breaks the dawn!
Sunbeams then and I together
Dance along and babble ever."

Dance along, dear mountain streamlet,
Keeping pace with fleeting hours!
While the sun, well in the zenith,
Bids *us* on, lest twilight lowers.
We would cross the Kline Scheidegg,
And e'er vesper bells are tolled,
Seek and find a quiet shelter
In the Vale of Grindelwald.

Where the Black Lütschine's flowings
On the Alpine air are borne,
And one catches snow-capped glimpses
Of the veteran Wetterhorn.

Other glories there await us!
Giant peaks and murmuring streams;
On we'll go! This Pass will take us
Over varied Alpine scenes.

Thus with *dejeuner's* long halting,
And glad loiterings by the way,
Will the ramble of the morning
Meet the sleeping of the day.
And within yon village resting,
Flooded with the moon's soft beams,
With the stars their vigils keeping,
We will dream our Alpine dreams.

A CORNER IN LUCERNE

A little spot—well shaded o'er with green,
A little darksome—always so serene!
So quiet—one most fears to stir the air
With sound of voice! one feels so pensive there!
A silence—broken but by moving feet—
Still coming—coming—to this weird retreat.

"Aye! had a genius found no outlet else—
Enough—to leave such powerful masterpiece"

Now and again—a bird stops in its flight,
And pecks in gravel, for the crumb in sight—
Then off again! he longs not here to stay,
'Tis not the place for laughter—nor his lay.
Far more in keeping—and like sad refrain,
Is note which comes to us—and comes again—

From crow hard by—with long, deep-sounding caw—
Repeating—so we think—"No more! No more!"
"Valiant in death! and faithful to last hour—
No more will yon great head be reared in power!
No more those noble Swiss he represents,
For Bourbon *Fleur-de-lis* will make defense."

* * * * * * *

Aye! had a genius found no outlet else—
Enough—to leave such powerful masterpiece!
So long as chiseled stone and time remain,
So long will live the great Thorwaldsen's name.
We feel his presence—feel his spirit keeps
A nightly vigil while his Lion sleeps.

TWO NIGHTS ON THE SÜSTEN PASS

Two nights amid vast solitude!
  Scarce sound!—till day let fall
The sun behind yon sky-line range,
  Then came the goatherd's call.
All through the day no sight of herd,
  No tinkling bell! No sign
Of life among the neighboring crags,
  Till on yon upper line—

Far and away from goatherd,
  As he crooned his milking call—
A dot! A tiny speck along
  That topmost, crag-like wall.
And then more dots! and as he crooned,
  "Coights! Coights! Coights! Hey! Warte! Warte! Warte!"
It almost seemed those dots showed life
  And bounded—as in sport.

Strange personality! And droll!
His weathered face—hard-lined;
He rises—walks—and rests again,
With stool strapped on behind.
With eyes firm fixed! Each gesture taut!
So immobile his pose!
"Coights! Coights! Coights! Hey! Warte! Warte! Warte!"
Still on the air arose.

More dots! More bounds! More headlong leaps!
These dots so multiplied,
E'en as we gazed, those leaping specks
Spread o'er that mountain-side.
Whence came they? How their day been spent
In realms of upper air?
We're told—beyond those cold, gray crags
Are pastures green and fair.

We're told each morn, at dawn of day,
Starts forth that little herd,
Making its wild, but certain way
To pastures undisturbed.

But on they came! With leap and bound,
And tinkling of the bell,
Nearer and nearer! Scurrying home
Ere Alpine shadows fell.

We watched them through the milking hour,
And wandered in between
The wee ones, full of frolic—
And their elders, so serene.
Then in old-time, near-by châlet,
Under shade of spreading trees,
Was an Old Man of the Mountain,
Elbow deep in embryo cheese.

So patiently the grind went on,
So primitive the form;
The boiling—draining—deftly done,
No churn—save human arm.
Life uneventful! Quiet days,
Whose hours brought little change;
His line of thought—his untaught ways,
Bound by this Mountain Range.

Unconscious of Earth's Wonders!
Eyes closed in mental sleep!
Where Nature calls in whispers,
And in tones profound and deep.
What—if these vales waft sweetness
With every wind that blows,
Or tower these peaks in greatness
With sense of awe enclosed?

* * * * *

Two nights of moonlight splendor!
Where the stars seemed showering down—
With touch, like fairy finger,
Gilding soft the snow-white gown
Of yonder high Steingletscher,
Standing a royal guard
Between the Valley of the Reuss
And Pass of St. Gotthard.

Oh! the joy of Mountain wildness!
Who can tell its boundless charm?
The high exuberance one feels!
The glories of the dawn!

The freedom of its crag-bound realms!
These—lifting heads on high,
Are pointing—ever pointing
To that boundless dome of sky.

* * * * *

We'll move on now toward Wassen,
Where, like "Mistress of the Manse,"
Her church and highway solitude
The near-by peaks enhance.
Where engine climbing—passes—
Aye! thrice passes quite around,
As if seeking benediction
Ere it quits the holy ground.

To South'ard leads to Italy,
The North—to Lake Lucerne;
Should Northward be the route today—
Some morrow—Southward turn;
Where vines of sunny Italy
Like garlands soft are twined,
Where Art and Skies of Italy
Are gems of Worlds combined.

THE SWANS OF GENEVA

Close by the Juras, where the Arve and Rhone,
After long, arduous flowing—quite apart—
Here cease to lead their glacial lives alone,
And join in friendship—arms—if not the heart.

From Vale of Chamounix, one found its way,
Where stern Mont Blanc looks on that dash from home;
Eyeing, with calmness cold, those waters gray,
E'en as they mingle with the limpid Rhone.

Like Heaven's blue, this last, yet side by side,
Glistening and dancing 'neath Geneva's sun,
Coquetting-like—by cold, gray stream defied,
But coyly yielding, when they flow as one.

Just e'er they make their peace—and Léman ends,
Near to a little isle, where poplars wave;
Where vivid green a Summer brightness lends,
And foliage, low-spread, casts alluring shade—

There are the feathered Monarchs of the Lake,
Gliding with dignity, with heads on high;
No fear of danger does their courage shake,
Though rapid waters halt, e'er rushing by.

There have they prestige held, they and their sires,
Pure in their beauty white, as Alpine snows;
Living their royal lives, for years on years,
"Hundreds of years!"—*on dit*—*peut être!*—who knows?

"On dit!" "On dit!" C'est très facile à dire!
Pourquoi dit-on—"on dit"—n'est pas si sur?

SWISS BELLS

Tinkle! tinkle! mild-eyed Brindle!
Chew the cud, while making jingle!
By the measured steps you're taking,
Pasture-notes are softly waking.
Jingle merrily, sweet bells!
All the air with music swells.

"There have they prestige held, they and their sires,
Pure in their beauty white, as Alpine snows"

Hark! the Shepherd's Alpine horn
Breaks the echoes of the morn;
Touching summits far aloft,
Coming back in cadence soft—
Soft they come—and muffled go—
Back to fields of endless snow.

List! another tinkling bell!
On the Mulet! he, as well,
Jingles—but with burdened back—
Trudging under heavy pack—
Patient—all-unconscious twain—
He—and Brindle—of refrain.

Ring on—ring! dear bells once more!
We would listen, as of yore;
Every sound with music rings!
Every note some memory brings!
Every tone a story tells!
Ring on—ring! dear Alpine bells.

FIVE A.M. IN THE MOUNTAINS

EN ROUTE TO LAUTERET, ST. GALIBIER

Thanks we offer for the glories of the morning!
For the consciousness of beauty which is ours!
For the splendor of the sun-sleep and the dawning!
And the Summer days made up of myriad joys.

We have seen the peep o' day among the mountains,
We've seen the dewdrops spread, like jewels rare—
And we thought—perhaps God's Own—with crystal fountains,
Had walked the Earth—and left their impress there.

Like thought from Angel Host—this dear suggestion—
Of their coming and their going in the night;
For with Day-Queen's rich and rosy resurrection,
All our jewels gently faded out of sight.

Ah! Who can e'er define these Alpine glories?
Seen best at dawn—or *à la fin du jour,*
When summit crags—those far-off upper stories—
Are lit by light Divine! *Le Bon Dieu!*

THE LEVANT

Fair Italy! How wondrous fair thou art!
And yet we know thy beauties but in part—
Thy rocky coasts—thy vales—and hill-towns—all
Come back forever, with a siren call.
E'en now we find another spot to haunt,
Thy picture-coast-line, known as the Levant.

Green are the vales, which open on the sea,
Hugging the bay—or gulf—which e'er it be;
And green the promontories, to their tops—
While hid in shrubbery deep are villa-dots.
Ah, Italy! Thou art indeed most fair!
So manifold the beauties thou dost share.

Does one seek rest? Is that the thought and aim?
Then Portofino Kulm—the point to gain;
Where Villa Marguerita's open door
Presents the best of care and frugal store;
Whence breaks upon the sight, enchanting scenes,
Till one can fancy 'tis a land of dreams.

We've left the vine—festooned from tree to tree—
It loves the South, or Central Italy—
But here are finger cypresses still found—
Dark, mid the gray of olive, which abound!
While all go rambling up the mountain-side,
Whose base is washed by Mediterranean tide.

Let us descend, by windings, to the coast,
And see the villages—where—for the most
The women, all—are making lace—the while.
The men hunt coral, off a neighboring isle.
A happy lot of toilers, it would seem—
All taking life as lightly as a dream.

Sometimes, we think the night-lights twinkle more
Above this garden-like Italian shore;
Sometimes, when Halley's star trails through the sky,
We feel the solar system very nigh.
So clear the air! so bright the sunset glows!—
So filled with fragrance, every wind that blows.

"Holding her own on narrow strip of land,
On which she rests like coy and happy bride;
Como's chameleon waters on the one—
Lago di Lecco's on the other side"

BELLAGIO

Vain th' attempt to tell of charms serene,
Nestled so softly 'neath Italian skies—
Bathed by blue waters—rolling in between
Her shore—and yon—where Cadenabbia lies.

Holding her own on narrow strip of land,
On which she rests like coy and happy bride;
Como's chameleon waters on the one—
Lago di Lecco's on the other side.

Como spreads far! While Lecco—but an Arm!
Both laving mountain-sides, whose varying light—
Now mossy-green—is roseate in the morn—
And purple with the shades of coming night.

Fair! Wondrous fair! Dream-like, Arcadian scene!
In vernal terraced beauty overgrown,
Thy air like balm! Thy gardens like a dream!
A *"dolci far nienti"* life thine own.

Not always, Como! are thy waters calm,
Not always giving back high Heaven's blue;
We've seen thee angered at the coming storm,
And toss thy white caps as thy fury grew.

Aye! even then—with wildest Nature stirred,
With opening skies—so lowering—black with rage!
We knew with sunshine—thou, like Summer bird,
Would ripple rhythms in thy mountain cage.

Thus in the going—'neath an azure sky,
Our fair Bellagio, mid wealth of green,
Bids us come back—when, in the by and by,
We long through Summer days again to dream.

ON THE SUMMIT OF MONTE GENEROSO

Bright was the day, and each majestic peak
Clear silhouetted 'gainst an azure sky;
The world, so far below, seemed fast asleep,
No motion visible! no noise came nigh—
No sound—save that of far-off, tinkling bell,
And echo-like, a tone from belfry fell—

So far below—we saw not whence that sound—
We only knew a soft and muffled tone
Ascended—and, in upper ether found
A somewhere—where to fade away alone.
Out from its own it came, to haply bear
A message—and was lost in upper air.

To Westward—Monte Rosa and great peaks
High lift their heads with towering Matterhorn;
Far down their sides, a snow-white mantle creeps,
Renewed forever—and forever worn.
No change of garb these virgin sisters know,
Like sacred Order of "The Peerless Snow."

Off to the South one turns, and haply finds
A stretch of green, which reaches out afar—
The Lombard plain—backed by the Apennines—
Milano visible as central star.
While to the East, fair Como's waters flow,
Guarding their rose-decked queen—Bellagio.

Como, Lugano—and a rippling smile
Comes up from Lake Maggiore's limpid breast;
And over all, gay sunbeams dance the while,
Lighting an instant on each glistening crest.
Nature unfolds to such life-giving rays,
And smiling vineyards find maturing days.

Then—in a thought of time—is summit stormed
By hurrying, scurrying mass of veilings thin—
Spreading in rapid pace, till they have formed
A closed convention, and we stand within—
Surrounded by a fleece-like, grayish pall,
Which might as well be hard, gray, granite wall.

So quick the change among the stratumed piles,
Where clouds play pranks with old, grim, towering peaks;
Because the God of Day bestows his smiles,
We think the roguish Cloud King calmly sleeps.
Chagrined, he may retire in dire remorse;
But wakeful ever, with a tireless force.

Sunshine and shadow on these mountains bold!
  Sunshine and shadow in each human life!
In quick succession, they the mastery hold,
  A seeming struggle between peace and strife.
Yet some bright souls bring only into light
Their sunshine—and their shadows keep from sight.

Of them, we're prone, unknowingly, to say,
  "A joy to live!" "No wish ungratified!"
"No carried cares, nor grinding needs know they."
  "Coleur de rose!" "All life idealized!"
Sunshine and shadow in all human lives—
May we not see, alone, their sunny sides?

From here—life's labyrinthian workings seem
  So phantom-like! so like mirage! while we
Seem to have gone beyond life's fitful dream,
  And somehow touched a vague reality.
The more attuned to Nature's rhythmic verse,
Nearer the throbbing of the universe.

DREAMING IN VENICE

To horrors clustering round the Bridge of Sighs—
And Doges' Palace, too—we'll close the eyes;
We'll hear no footsteps pace that passage o'er—
Slow, measured tread—whose echo falls no more.

An archway still, which spans the water's flow—
Leading to silence in the depths below:
We'll draw the veil which screens the past from sight,
Black, hideous scene! born not of day, but night.

Upon *"La Loggia,"* too—no more we'll see—
And hear go forth the oft-called death decree:
We'll close Falieri's page of history—
With those whose fates were sealed in mystery.

We'll bid all darksome doings pass away,
And Venice see—as Venice is today—
So beautiful! So still! So light of air!
So full of poetry her atmosphere—

"We want to dream — the while a silvery moon
Falls on our gondola — and gondolier"

We want to hold her, lest she fades too soon.
We want to dream—the while a silvery moon
Falls on our gondola—and gondolier.
And Life!—What is it? Where its care and fear?

Whence have they birth?—and what—if any form?
If live they do—we'll bid them both begone!
We know them not! Our twinkling stars shine clear!
Our moonbeams fall on naught but romance here.

We want to watch the rise of snowy crests—
As wave on wave swells in—nor ever rests—
Halts but to kiss the sands of inner shore,
Then out to join the deepening sea once more.

We'd watch the fairy sunbeams at their play,
As Lido's merry crowds float hours away;
We'd stand on high—on Campanile-tower—
Choosing for time, declining, golden hour—

When shadows fall! And in the fading East
We know, though out of sight—lies old Trieste.
And thus we dream! And dreaming thus—we say
A queenly night falls soft on balmy day.

One feels—it seems—an inspiration dawn—
As Art—and Artists—take material form:
There's breath of something in Italia's air
Inspires Art lovers in its love to share.

No wonder Titian's canvases are rife
With wondrous touch—and strength—and pose and life!
And is not here Bellini's lovely blue
Vouchsafed in sea and sky to mortal view?

Surely a genius guided every stroke,
As each Madonna into life awoke!
And here she sits in niche of richest tone,
And sheds of Holy Love a Mother's own.

Art—Love—and Poetry upon us steal!
We think 'tis life! But is it? Is it real?
We've seen upon a screen—men come—men go—
A seeming only—they! Mayhap 'tis so

With figures now! In motion here—today!
Will these not fade? All quickly fade away?
And is not Venice—Adriatic's Queen—
A phantom City—set in pale marine?

ROME

Where to begin? Whither and where the trend?
Where to begin—where interest has no end—
If haply to have walked
Where the great Cæsar talked!
To stand where crowds stood still,
And listened to the will
Of those who reared for Rome its history,
And monuments wrapped still in mystery.

Where to begin? When day succeeding day
Brings into light from Centuries' hidden clay—
The clearly outlined rooms
Of long-time buried homes;
The ash-containing urns,
Aye! the specific bones
Of those whose earthly lives seem so remote,
To fix their dates will prove a genius stroke.

When to begin? When—from the upturned earth
Art's masterpieces find their second birth?
While from the first—such span
Of years—that in the Vatican
One sees the works of man
Chiseled e'er Rome began.
Thus not alone—as pilgrims do we come
To learn of thee.—Thou great, eternal Rome!

Meanwhile, old Trevi mid odd fragments stands!
Fashioned not these by time—but human hands.
Still is that faithful store
Of coins—dropped as of yore:
We'll hope not quite in vain
That wish to come again
To Rome! Assured by coin—'tis well believed!
With draught of water quaffed—to intercede.

Where to begin? Fain would we come again
Where Vestal Virgins—in their own domain
Appear in marble form,
Bearing no lamps to burn;

But from a long, long sleep—
They stand in silence deep.
And passing Altar—we their pathway thread
And hear—or seem to hear—a ghostly tread.

Up from the depths of earth come hidden floors,
And from those depths—unlocked are long-closed doors.
Long as her hills endure,
Shall Rome's historic power
Live—linking this, our day,
With that dim "far-away"
Whose shadows we are chasing more and more,
As Mother-Earth unfolds her wondrous store.

THE BAY OF NAPLES FROM SORRENTO

Vain the attempt of mortal! All too vain!
To reproduce what Nature stamps her own.
What pen can charms supernal e'er proclaim?
What brush depict those gradient scales of tone?
Where Nature's bounty shows such lavishness,
No need to wield the mortal pen and brush.

Would that some gift, by God or Goddess given—
Those Gods whom Ancients sought in days of yore—
Would that a learnèd one, from out their Heaven,
Might mantle us with mythologic lore.
Could they but come! we'd fain implore them then
Extend a shadowy hand and guide the pen.

Queen of the Muses! fair Calliope!
Dweller on high Olympus! Strong in Art!
Could she but charm our pen with poetry,
A portion of her lyric grace impart—
Then *"Mia bella,"* Bay of Napoli!
Then could we sing befitting words of thee!

We'd tell of Capri and her terraced slopes;
Of Ischia, and the little Sister Isle,
Like emerald gems, or verdant, vine-clad floats
Upon an azure sea! All peace! The while
Thy sleepless Guardian-King, in proof of might,
Rolls forth gray fumes by day, and flames by night.

We'd tell of sunsets off across the wave,
Where dips the ball in far Tyrrhenian Sea;
We'd tell of moons which rise, and softly bathe
Thy shores, and outline all things tenderly!
Ah, *Mia bella!* We would sing thy praise
In words as eloquent as Tasso's lays.

How could we fail, with such a rapturous theme?
Where language seems not words, but melody;
Where air is filled with laughter, faces beam,
And childish lips chant *"bella Napoli"*;
Where ever-varying hues, and heavenly blues
Give constant change of beatific views!

* * * * * * *

Though many moons may wane and suns may set,
We may not come again! And yet! and yet—
We'll think of thee, when moons are on the sea;
Thy moonlit charms we never can forget!
"Addio, Mia bella Napoli!"
Cerulean skies o'erarching Heaven-blue sea,
Dear Summer Land of mirth and poetry!
We can but sigh, *"Addio, Napoli."*

TAORMINA

UNDER SHADOW OF ETNA

Fair Isle of Sicily! Whose checkered past
Has left great landmarks on combated soil;
In days long gone—both Greek and Roman cast
Unsheathed, on thy green hills, their conquering foil.
How glorious art thou now! How more than fair!
Where every breath inhaled is perfumed air.

Since far-off misty age, Enchanted Land!
Thy vernal slopes an azure sea hath bound;
Upon thy shores, a strange Cyclopic band
Held sway primeval on an unfought ground.
Alas! That hazy, prehistoric date
Has left an impress on thy shores but faint.

We find thee now with Greek and Roman gone!
Arab and Norman! All alike have fled!
No clash of arms! No surging armies storm!
No tyrants! No invaders! All are dead.
Only a Peace pervades thy sunny clime,
A quiet Peace—half earthly! half divine!

* * * * * * *

There, where in olden times the Sisters trod—
The San Dominicans!—of pious fame—
Those Convent Sisters! Who—in seeking God,
Thought in seclusion they could grace attain.
Where days and nights by them were passed in prayer,
We entered one May-morn and loitered there.

Long years have sped, since Sister-voices raised
"Ave Maria" strains so sweet and low;
Long years have passed, since God and Saints they praised
Within the Chapel walls so silent now.
Those hourly prayers and Sisters!—All have gone!
But something of their holy Peace lives on.

Now—as a hostelry—those portals wide
Offer to worldings ingress and sweet rest;
There at Taormina one may long abide,
And feel well-nigh transported mid the blest.
Go if thou wilt! Then, wanderer, tell me true,
Does Earth contain a more enchanting view?

Rare wooded spot! On high thy throne,
Above a sea so blue—it pales the sky!
Whose depths seem deeper, darker than the dome
O'erhead—whose tones all other blues defy.
Too far removed to catch the ocean's roar,
It seems a symphony borne up from shore.

Ideal Isle! Sunlit and classic land!
Where hidden birdlings trill their wild, sweet notes!
With Greco-Roman ruins nigh at hand,
And vine-clad paths suggesting trysting nooks.
Where moonbeams, wooed by nightingale's sweet song,
Play "hide and seek" with shadows till the dawn.

No scent of incense permeates the air,
Though Sister-forms are seen above each door;
Hushed now the bell which called the Nuns to prayer,
No Sisters' tread is heard in corridor—
But on the wall they pray a constant prayer,
Perchance a prototype of Life—elsewhere.

Filled with a mystic charm those ancient grounds,
In scenic beauty absolute! unmarred!
A terraced garden where the Rose abounds,
While Etna's Cone keeps everlasting guard.
Wondrously rising from an azure sea—
Taormina stands! Fair child of Sicily.

THE SANDS OF THE DESERT

Long did they rest in undisturbed repose,
Save as Æolus—wakened from his sleep—
Breathed softly, when they all unconscious rose,
And rolled themselves within a quivering heap.
Roll on, ye sands, beneath the Eastern blue!
Roll on—and on—and swell old heaps anew.

Ye little sands! infinitesimal! and yet—
Concealed within thine arms, through Centuries!
Safe in their clasp, strange inmates long have slept,
Fast holding truths of long-gone dynasties.
What may'st thou *not* contain? Man craves yet more,
To flush museums with thy priceless store.

Mayhap more sunken realms, whose darkened halls
Unlighted quite, for time untold—by suns or moons—
Lead into inner chambers, on whose walls
Are strangely vivid scenes. These buried tombs
Give weird-like speech to men—who, at some close of day,
Their brushes dropped, and in the gloaming stole away.

Not always dulcet tones Æolus breathes;
At times his wooing, as with fury rings;
Each swirling atom to his mandate yields,
And all, with heated khamsin force, he flings
Far and away—fast blustering into space,
In furious tune with their great master's pace.

On—like a blinding storm at his behest;
On—till his swollen anger well is spent.
'Tis then Æolus lulls his sands to rest
With whispered breathings, wooing back content.
Again at rest! again Æolus sleeps!
And over all, the great Sphinx vigil keeps.

Watching in old-time stately dignity,
Heedless alike of men and ages gone;
Forming, with Pyramids, an honored company,
Whose truths are writ in everlasting stone.
Heedless of noonday sun, or nightly shower of stars,
Watching on sanded rostrum, on through endless hours.

Then teach us more, ye sands! nor yield your right!
Once having tasted of your hidden lore,
We'd have more mummied treasures brought to light,
And face to face we'd stand with kings of yore.
Man knows thee now, great, silent vault of mystery!
And not in vain, he seeks those depths for history.

THE AFTERGLOW AS SEEN AT BOMBAY

'Tis not the actual setting of the ball,
The sinking of the disc in depths afar;
The rolling o'er, and final mighty fall—
Beyond the Tower-crowned steep of Malabar.

All that is glorious in its wondrous strength,
A mighty pageant on th' horizon low;
And sinking, Westward, sends o'er Heaven's length
A shower—as if of gold—the Afterglow!

Superb, this glory of the Sunset hour!
And gathered near, where Back Bay waters flow—
Are rich and poor, all owning to the power
Of Nature's Master-touch, this Afterglow!

It spreads anon! That wondrous wealth of tone!
It bathes the sky! Reflects on sea below!
No golden shower, where'er one's footsteps roam,
Surpasses Bombay's glorious Afterglow!

THE BELLS OF SHWE DAGON

Swaying! Playing! Call for prayer,
Rang those bells in upper air!
Tinkling softly as they swayed,
Tinkling gayly as they played,
Just a rhythmic sort of play—
In a far-off, dreamy way.

Never ceasing call to prayer!
Like to voices in mid-air!
Tinkle! Tinkle! Come ye all!
Tinkle! Come! 'Tis Buddha's call.
This—his stately, golden shrine—
Offers peace to heart of thine.

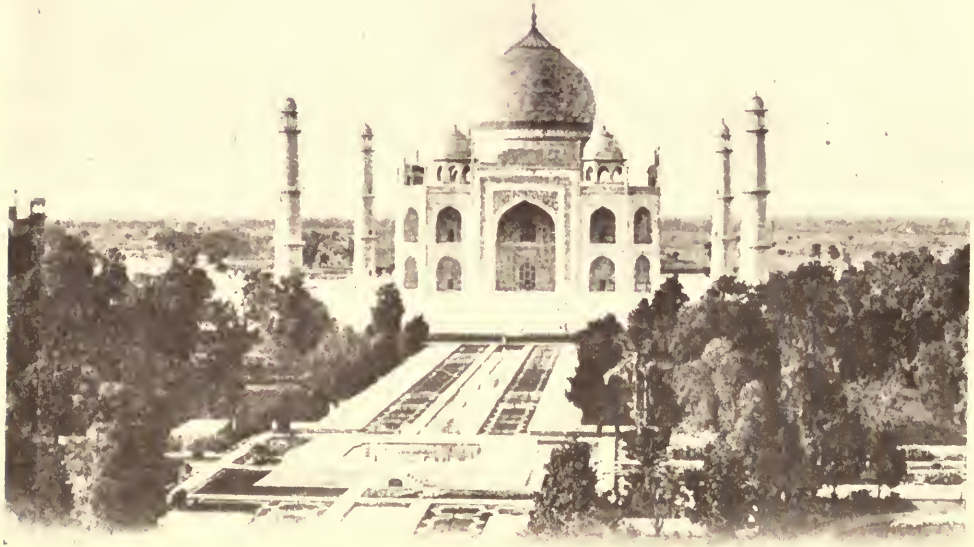
Priests, in yellow garments clad,
Offering flowers to Dagon's God;
Folded hands, and prostrate form—
Ever seen from early morn.
Priests and people chanting, praying,
Bells in upper air a-swaying.

Tinkle! Tinkle! Come ye all!
Tinkle! Come! 'Tis Buddha's call!
Come with flower, or flowery wreath!
Sacred hairs, enshrined beneath—
Call for offerings, great or small,
Buddha's Peace responds to all.

Sound of tinkling fainter grew
As the noonday hastened through—
Hushed by hammer—and by clamor—
And by strange Buddhistic manner—
Children's voices filled the air,
Blending with the priests at prayer.

Then we watched the shadows fall,
In the gloaming—over all—
As they gamboled in the shade,
By the twilight deeper made;
Till was dropped night's somber pall,
Over Tee and sacred wall.

E'en the tiger, where he fell—
Fresh from jungle's deepest dell—
Standing on his refuge spot,
Hit by English well-aimed shot;
He, too, faded from our sight,
Wrapped in folds of somber night.



"Fair gem of devotion to Love's pure emotion!
This fairest of Tombs—
Taj Mahal"

(See page 159)

Later came we to that shrine,
When the moon was in her prime;
Full and rounded shed her glory,
Thus enhancing all the story
Of this old Buddhistic teaching,
And this Peace—so far outreaching.

Tee! Pagoda! All reflected!
Scintillating lights projected!
Changed by Night-Queen's rays to splendor!
Mid-air bells in pleadings tender—
Tinkle! Tinkle! Come ye all!
Tinkle! Come! 'Tis Buddha's call!

Fair Shwe Dagon! Thus we left you
With an Eastern moon above you,
Near the Irrawaddy's waters;
Where old Burma's silk-gowned daughters,
And the spare-built, turbaned youth,
Learn what Buddha taught for Truth.

Tinkle! Tinkle! Come ye all!
Tinkle! Come! 'Tis Buddha's call!
Come with flower, or flowery wreath!
Sacred hairs, enshrined beneath—
Call for offerings, great or small,
Buddha's Peace responds to all.

A SYMPHONY IN MARBLE

A bijou! a bower! a white Jasmine Tower!
While beyond rests the Pearl—
Taj Mahal!
This—the Home, the Zenana, the Earthly Nirvana
Of its Queen,
The Mumtaz-i-Mahal.
Just beneath rolls the river, where late moonbeams quiver,
While in glory they wrap
Taj Mahal;
There the Echoes ascending—like symphonies blending,
With always the theme,
Taj Mahal.

"Each note softly dying—like far-away sighing—
Heart-sighs for
Mumtaz-i-Mahal"

Each note softly dying—like far-away sighing—
Heart-sighs for
Mumtaz-i-Mahal.

* * * * * * *

Have Peace, gentle Sleeper! Love's angel thy keeper—
The spirit that guards
Taj Mahal.
Fair gem of devotion to Love's pure emotion!
This fairest of Tombs—
Taj Mahal.
A wrought lamentation! A mute adoration!
Chaste, Exquisite Shrine,
Taj Mahal!
A love-song in marble! A sculptured bird-warble!
A Paradise dream—
Taj Mahal!

ON THE IRRAWADDY

Oh, for a broader sense, and wealth of words
To fitly tell of colorings daily blent!
They speak not of this Earth—but far-off worlds!
These glorious sunsets of the Orient.

At first we think it gold—as King of Day
Steps off, and down beyond that mystic line,
Spreading his trail in such a regal way,
O'er all that Western slope its folds recline.

We think it gold! Anon it turns to rose!
A rose of which we dream, nor ever knew;
Yet e'er the simile upon us grows,
Each fold unfolds a mellow orange hue.

Softly we whisper "Orange!"—knowing well
It ill bespeaks such depth of nameless tone;
No earthly word is coined, by which to tell
How peerless rose—then orange—followed chrome.

They followed—and then blended—three in one!
A shade incomparable each fold displayed!
'Tis pomegranate! Other shades outdone,
Yet saying this—we felt ourselves dismayed.

Was ever trail before so wondrous wrought,
Or human—impotent apt words to say?
The while, in wonderment, we're lost in thought,
The distant King has trailed his folds away.

ON LEAVING CEYLON

Beautiful Isle of that Indian Sea—
Wrapped in a mellowed-like, soft ecstasy!
Freely we tender heart-praises where due;
And, Tea-growing Isle! We bestow them on you.

Veiled in a verdure with beauty replete,
Garden of Eden spreads out at thy feet;
Queen of the Palm! And fair gem of the sea!
Paradise doors open wide unto thee.

Softer we catch it—that surf's gentle roar,
Surging and laving the sands of thy shore;
Only in memory 'twill come to us soon,
But always with memories of beauty and bloom.

Impotent pen all thy glories to tell,
Feeble the voices thy praises to swell—
What we most feel is thy sylvan-like spell;
What we must say—with a sigh—is farewell!

SUMMER SEAS

Sailing and dreaming! Dreaming and sailing!
Summer-time days on these calm Eastern Seas!
Gentle winds blowing—each moment unfolding
A soft, zephyr touch, like an Eden-born breeze.

Fays beyond number close eyelids in slumber,
Water-sprites longing for frolic and play!
Softly they fan one! Stealthily bear one
Far into realms of fair dreamland away.

A mild soporific! No Neptune emetic
Has power on these waters to chase men below;
Just drifting and dreaming! All life but a seeming,
As lazily, happily, onward we go.

Daytime and night-time!—Moonlight and sunshine
All speed away with no trace of a flight!
Sailing and dreaming! Dreaming and sailing!
Waters pacific, and skies blue and bright.

THE NEW THOUGHT

To F. C. B.

Call it the "New"—or whatsoe'er you will—
'Tis but the dear, old, helpful Christ-Thought still;
The same He taught in long-gone yesterday,
The same remantled, known as "New" today;
And as the Centuries pale and dawn again,
So will this Christ-Thought ever be the same.
Ever—forever—will it onward move,
Ever—forever—for 'tis based on Love.

The Master's voice is in the dear old Thought,
As all-forgiving as the love He taught;
So full of charity and tenderness,
So free from censure—and so prone to bless.
"Neither do I condemn thee! Sin no more!"
So rang these pitying, pardoning words of yore;
And as soft echoes from that far-away,
We catch them in the "New" Thought of today.

Like Bethlehem's Star of old, which led the way,
So will this Christ-Thought lead to perfect day.
May we not choose it as our guiding star?
Its light is steady—and its precepts are—
"To all the world—and to yourself—be true.
To others do—as if 'twere done to you.
Within your heart, let hatred not be found—
Lest its vile sting should on yourself rebound."

"Nurse not your wrath till night's dark shadows fall.
So far as may be—live at peace with all."
Love—peace—compassion! these the Master taught,
And with these attributes, lives *must* be fraught
Who take as guide that olden, Eastern Star,
Nor lose by night, nor day, its leading power.
On—straightway on! nor in a by-path wait!
The road defined by Bethlehem's Star is straight.

* * * * * * *

'Tis thus we gather, as we make review,
And place them side by side—the Old and New;
The dear old Christ-Thought, full of helpful truth,
The so-called "New" Thought—flushed with seeming youth.

MEMORIES

Oh, the memories! painful memories!
Full of heartaches! full of tears!
Memories of the loved, and loving!
Memories of the vanished years!
Days and months long since gone by—
Stealing back again for aye.

Memories' book! so comprehensive!
Page on page a record bears
Of the merry family Yuletides,
And of long, successive years—
When the sun shone hour on hour,
Yielding "heartsease" as our flower.

In that life-book of our memories—
Let us turn one other leaf;
Heads are bowing! tears are flowing!
Every word denotes heart-grief.
Turn it gently! pass it by!
Let *that* page of memories die.

Turn the leaves to blessed memories!
Let them peace and comfort give!
Memories of the loved, and loving,
Gone, and yet, we know they live.
Life—God-given—we're wont to say,
Endless is! 'Tis Life alway.

Better close the book in silence,
Save with sacred, soft "Amen"!
'Twas a lesson in life's schoolroom,
Hard, perhaps, to learn—but then—
'Twas the way "The Father" chose
For our training! and He knows.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

How many lives—we question—will we live?
How many scores of years in which to grow?
How long to take whate'er the Gods can give?
Who is to answer? Who, of us all, to know?
Yet from within, there comes an oft'-heard call,
Repeating softly—"Lo, this is not all."

This is not all! We feel it cannot be!
Why powers created, only to suspend?
Rather we'd think of them as happily
Growing—and growing on—time without end.
Rather like stars of night, we'd have them shine,
And like the stars come back—time after time.

Why loving hearts be given, if but to rend?
To saddened lives, why added sorrows fall?
If this is final—this the bitter end—
Why came we to this troublous earth at all?
Is it as stepping stones—that Life is given,
By which we reach whate'er we make our Heaven?

Nature, itself, cries out—"This is not all!"
Autumn, with dead-brown leaf, is all in vain;
Each fruitful season follows Spring-time call,
And Spring-time brings the vivid green again.
Always re-living!—bud, and bloom, and tree!
And may not we—through all Eternity?

'Tis but the mantle that is turned to brown,
'Tis but the foliage on the grand old tree;
We watch the color-change—then fall to ground,
And know the frost will set each leaflet free.
Yet—with the robin's song, and Spring-time clear,
In brand-new suit the old trunk will appear.

How many lives, then, is it given to live?
How many scores of years in which to learn
Just what *is* Life, and what it has to give,
And how, in very truth, its truths discern?
How, too, in point of years, and lives, will grow
The good—within us all—in embryo?

This is not all! Why should it be the end?
With aspirations strong—and higher aim—
With conscious latent power—and broader trend
Than in this span of Life one can attain.
Such uplifts come!—E'en mortal vision keen,
Seems now and then to glimpse the great unseen.

Come, then, ye blossoms, though ye come to go!
The Spring-time charm and beauty ye enhance!
Always re-living!—and—for aught we know,
We may ourselves bud forth again. Perchance
Some day—somewhere—e'en as "The Master" willed,
We'll find our aspirations all fulfilled.

A THANKSGIVING ODE

Why am I thankful? Just for air and light—
For earth's rare wonders, born of day and night;
For birdlings on the wing, and verdure green,
For quiet nooks, where softened shadows screen—
And Nature's charms are wrapped in peace serene.

Why am I thankful? Just for song of bird,
And myriad sounds of harmony. If heard—
Will fall with lingering cadence on the ear,
And quell all whispered fantasies of fear,
And bring the heart of Heaven so very near.

Why am I thankful? For the close of day,
When richest colorings spread—and chase away
All half-toned haze, and pale, uncertain light;
And lordly Sun sweeps down to meet the night,
And with a tread majestic trails from sight.

Why am I thankful? For the running stream,
And winding of its waters, through a scene
Where pasture-lands are rich—and, towering high
Amid the fir-topped hillsides, we descry
A sunbeam hard at play—now bold, now shy.

Why am I thankful? Just to be alive
To beauties manifold on every side;
To hear the cadences of Nature born,
To catch the spirit-note of unsung song,
And in the heart, these soulful notes prolong.

Why am I thankful? Just for blessèd means
To lend a helping hand;—and mid strange scenes
To wander far and wide, and learn while there
That good, and Wisdom's ways, are found elsewhere—
Not all of this earth's *best* is centered here.

Why am I thankful? Just for hope and love,
Strongest of chords to lead to heights above;
The "Light of Life," on starboard and on port—
For which, and by which, men have lived and fought;
But, lost or swamped—all left of life is naught.

Why am I thankful? Just to scatter wide
Life's shadows—and to find "the sunny side";
To peer beyond; to close the eye to strife,
With which this schoolroom-world is oft'-times rife,
And live *awake* to joyous, glorious Life.

WHICH?

So like to palace large and rare—seems Life—
  Filled well with corridors and rooms untold,
Some, somber-like, suggest an air of strife,
  And others radiant are—like shining gold;
Radiant with sunshine, born of sweet content,
And all well-filled with cause for wonderment.

Some stored there are, with noble, generous deeds!
Deeds which to emulate, one's nature thrills!
And talents varied—for the workers' needs,
But sadly naught—in hands of *paresseuse*.
We question which—in all the by and by—
Which of these rooms we'll choose to occupy.

All here before us! corridors and doors!
All rooms so endless, coming into view!
Which will we pace—of all these untried floors?
For pace we must—and thread our way all through.
We stand—today—with portals opening wide—
Upon the palace threshold—just inside.

NEVER AGAIN

'Tis not the same! No! Never just the same,
When years have gone—we wander back again!
To where—mid pleasant paths, and joyous ways—
We've passed some happy hours in bygone days.

The Village known to us has grown apace,
And what we seek is one familiar face;
Only the leaves nod recognition now,
And wave their friendly greeting from each bough.

Such changes follow all adown the street;
From either side, big branches spread and meet;
Houses have thrust themselves upon the scene,
Till scarcely small green patches intervene.

There was a nook we loved, and now we seek,
A glen secluded! Beautiful retreat!
That, still we find, wrapped in its verdant green,
Two shaded banks, with rippling stream between.

There, during all the day, were merry groups,
Some keen on target prize—some, lost in books;
For morn, and e'en high-noon, gave always shade
Within that quiet, favorite, fern-dressed glade.

What of our croquet-ground? A thought recalls
The voice of players, and the sound of balls.
We look in vain—around! there's not a trace
Of hoop or mallet in this built-up place.

New homes! Strange faces everywhere appear.
Where are the places that we held so dear?
Gone are they now! All phantom-like it seems!
Those other days all vanished into dreams.

The little house that stood upon the crest—
The old-time parsonage, in ivy dressed;
"Old Auntie Brown," with saintly smile for all—
Forever "waiting" for The Father's Call.

She knew the village e'er the Squire was born,
And he—'twas said—could spin a wondrous yarn
Of facts and fancies—of a long-gone day—
The truth of which, *but* she could say him nay.

Hushed are his tales—and she no longer sits
Within her woodbine-covered porch, and knits;
Gone—like the lingering russet leaves of Fall,
Both have responded to "The Master's" Call.

There will we leave them, with the boughs o'erhead,
Whose foliage, thickly grown, makes shade widespread;
And from its depths, comes soft this sad refrain—
Bring back the voices gone! Bring them again!
Else can it nevermore be just the same.

THE BIRD CALL

Hear them singing in the tree,
Mother mine?
Whatever can it be—
That t'wit—t'wit—t'wee!
Do you think they're calling me,
Mother mine?

Can't you tell me what they say,
Mother mine?
In that chitty-chatty way—
How I wish they'd always stay!
But they're flying right away,
Mother mine!

Oh, if only I could fly,
Mother mine!
Think you in the by and by
I could look into the sky?
Will you, some day, let me try,
Mother mine?

And she did—that spirit bright!
and I'm lone!
For an angel came one night—
And with smile of child-delight,
With the angel—she took flight—
and is gone.

Back her birdlings, in the morn,
came to me!
From the breaking of the dawn—
Came sweet twitterings all day long,
And such soft and plaintive song
from that tree.

Back they ever come to me,
and they sing!
Twittering—"Happy try to be!"
But their sweetest melody
Seems a note of childlike glee
on the wing.

A PRAYER

In the dawning of the morning,
Lead us, Father! Every one!
In the nooning—and the gloaming—
When the busy day is done—
And as nightly shadows fall
O'er Thy children—Bless us all!

Let Thy mantle of forgiveness
Cover all within the home!
Let Thy love be felt by wanderers—
Those whose lives are scarred and lone;
Let them catch the tone of cheer,
Which, as children, they should hear.

For we *are* the Father's children!
Not one only! every one!
Those by family firesides mingling—
Those with neither hearth nor home.
Hear them, Father! Heed their call!
Hear our prayer—"God bless us all!"

Let Thy aid reach out to mourners—
  Those whose day seems turned to night;
Though th' horizon dark—yea! black is!
  Help! oh, help them to see light!
Bid the crushing clouds to lift,
  And Thy Peace gleam through the rift.

Thus—in morn of life—and gloaming—
  And when Earth's fleet hours are run;
When this groping—halting—learning—
  Will have ceased! and Rest be won—
Ever—as Earth's shadows fall—
  Shall we say—"God bless us all!"

And when other dawns are breaking,
  And when other days have come—
When we know the joy of waking
  In a purer spirit-home—
He—who answers every call—
  He will bless us! bless us *all!*

GROWTH

The little crosses that are ours to bear,
The bigger heartaches we are called to share—
Hard stepping stones may seem *en route* to Heaven,
And yet—as disciplines—are they not given?

A power unused, through lack of need or will,
Will dormant lie! nor present crisis fill;
Thus life's demands—these disciplines of ours—
May serve, we think, to bring out latent powers.

Still do we learn! and still as children, we
Perchance will learn through all eternity.
Faltering at times—and dazed—we seek the way,
While mental outlook broadens day by day.

No farther on, mayhap, than a, b, c,
In life's big, endless, study-book are we;
Just step by step! unfolding, as we go,
Our richest coloring toward the afterglow.

THE CALL OF THE CHINESE WOMEN

Bend low, and hark ye! hark ye, and heed it, too!
'Tis meant, fair women of our land, for you!
It comes, like plaintive call, from out the East,
And stirs up unrest chords within the breast;

Go we, so far afield—or where we will—
We catch an echo of those voices still.
Still do they haunt us! still that endless cry,
With hands uplifted toward their Western sky.

In murmurings low—a woman's plaintive tones,
They come—like wave on wave—from distant homes.
It matters not where'er we come or go—
The breeze takes up the call, and murmurs low—

"Ye that have *'taught'*—well-outlined on the brow,
Come to us! Come! and come, our Sisters *Now!"*
"Come"—is the low refrain—"while yet 'tis day!
Come! for the door is open, and ye may.

Ye cannot know, mayhap not understand,
All ye beneath the dome of Christian land,
What 'tis to live where 'Thought' denies a mind,
And living soul, likewise, to human kind.
Ye breathe an air made free! wherein the light
Shows men and women equal in God's sight.
Ye breathe—and live—and grow in Wisdom's way,
While we—untaught—exist—from day to day.
Knowing no change—no growth—no inner power—
Which to God's every child is rightful dower.
This comes like truth!—a truth we want to seize,
And hold it—as 'tis borne on Western breeze!"

So say the voices! seeming ever nigh,
Borne over depths of sea, and land-peaks high,
Calling for truth—which means from bondage freed—
A truth which China's children sorely need;

Now is the vineyard ripe, and now the time!
Never, as now, could those of foreign clime
Enter that vineyard—and to the women's call
Give heed, and teach them, God is God of *All.*

Bend low and hark ye! hark ye, and heed it, too!
'Tis meant, fair women of our land! for you!
'Tis meant that ye should hear and understand
That call of women from a far-off land.

'Tis meant that ye should stoutly intercede
With helping hand, for which those sisters plead.
Bend low and hark ye! hark ye, and heed it, too!
Fair women of our land! 'Tis meant for *you*.

REMINDERS

What may not come? what floods of thought arise—
From long-pressed flower, or scent borne on the breeze?
Or merry laugh, or tints of evening skies,
Or rustling of some overhanging leaves?

Strange thoughts take shape—and voices loved come back;
Songs heard, once sung—and tender words, once said—
All trooping on, o'er memory's silent track;
They were but laid away!—they were not dead.

Memory lives long, and gently, firmly keeps
On shadowy past a loving, tender hold—
Like embryo-rose! in bud it sweetly sleeps,
Each fragrant petal, later, to unfold.

Thus be it sound—or whatsoe'er it will—
A breath from flowery vale, or pine-topped knoll,
It wafts a memory from the past—until
Faces and places, times and chimes unroll.

And now! as shadows creep and sunbeams pale,
We catch the echo of an old refrain;
We ramble, as of old, through leafy vale,
And sing, and hear the old songs sung again.

THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN

OLD—AND THE NEW

The Old Year gone! Subdued our thrills of glee!
Our symphony is sung in minor key.
We knew him well! knew well his measured tread,
And 'neath the cypress we would pansies spread.

Then welcome give! a hearty welcome true
To Baby New Year! as he comes in view;
So infantile! so full of dimpled smiles!
We love his prattling ways and baby-wiles.

What will he give us when—as babe no more—
His scant experience offers childhood's store?
What will he give us—as a stalwart youth—
In earnest search of Wisdom's ways and truth?

What will he give us—as with years gone by,
A man—well-versed in lore—we now descry?
What has been given? what shall we find to say,
When aged, tottering form has passed away?

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUD

Are we sometimes sore adrift?
Would we see the cloud-bed rift?
Only raise the eyes above—
There, in holiest, tenderest love,
Through that ever-widening space
We shall see the Father's Face.

Do the problems gather fast?
Are our sun-rays all o'ercast?
Do we stumble in the mire?
First of doubt—and then despair?
Heed not how the shadows grew!
Light *must* pierce the darkness through.

Never storm but had an end!
Never man but had a friend!
Never clouds but broke away!
Never night but dawned a day!
What, though doubting, sore adrift—
Steadfast look we for the Rift.

LAND–LOCKED

Where are we now, but sailing in the lea,
Within the harbor—looking toward the sea!
Only a while! They're neither long nor wide,
These harbor waters of a Summer tide.

Drifting at times! like gentle ebb and flow,
Caring not whither, and which the way we go!
Idling the hours! well out from sheltered port,
But high the sun! mayhap no need for thought.

Our little craft keeps moving in her track,
Repeating never! never a turning back—
Just on and on! Yet long the childhood year
Between the lighted trees and Christmas cheer.

Who but remembers how youth planned, and dreamed
Of Christmas joys—and how far off they seemed?
Thus slowly move the years through life's forenoon,
With speed increased as evening shadows come.

For come they surely will at close of day,
The while our little craft keeps on her way;
And oft a ripple on the surface clear
Seems softly saying—"Look to it, how ye steer!"

"Yon rising wind and threatening waves *must* fail
To turn thy bow, or rob thee of thy sail."
So may it prove! and stanch our rigging be,
When at the bar—we cross—and put to sea.

THE BETTER WAY

Better to struggle with th' on-coming tide!
Better to battle hard with surging wave!
Better to stand to helm!—than simply glide
Down stream—without an effort to be brave.
Better to bring out strength!—that otherwise
Would never grow, and to the surface rise.

Better the daily worries, and the cares!
Better the victory, born of doubts and fears!
Better to firmly stand!—and unawares
To make for character, with growth of years.
Better to live them down!—these so-called ills!
Which, as a discipline, one's pathway fills.

Better believe that Life—and Love—and Strength
Are ours to call upon from hour to hour;
That Life is boundless! knows no narrowed length!
Our birthright portion! The Creator's dower!
Sweet blossoms die—but bloom again in Spring;
So will our chords of Life through ages ring.

Better! yes, better far, to hold on fast
To Faith! to Life Eternal! and to God!
To strive for something higher! for the Best!
To feel that under all—and over all—is Good.
Better to *know* that at our Life-Ship's helm
The Master stands! The Great, Almighty One.

WHERE, HOW, AND WHEN?

Where will it be—when we—
Across that unknown Sea—hold hands?
What will we say—when on the way
We meet, in unseen lands?
If look we cast upon the past—
How will it seem?
Will it seem Life—or only strife—
Or, but a dream?
How far to go? Not ours to know!
Enough to think
Some—loved the best—that sea have crossed—
And we draw nigh the brink.

GOD BLESS YOU!

Sweet, echoing words, which follow as one roams;
Far down in hidden heart-depths they impress you!
We seem to hear, in tender Mother-tones,
This whispered benediction, "Dear, God bless you!"

They bring back faces loved, and long since gone,
With stirring thoughts which charm, yet half oppress you;
You dream again!—again you see the form—
And hear a well-known voice breathe, "Dear, God bless you!"

Cherish for aye that heart-felt Mother-prayer!
Armor of strength to guide you, and protect you!
What can assail one, whether here or there,
When overshadowed with the prayer, "God bless you"?

Come from the past, sweet voices we have loved!
Out of the shadows, come! we listen for you!
Oh, how we've craved, so long as we have roved,
To hear again that fervent—"Dear, God bless you!"

'Twill come again, when this life's dream is o'er,
And shadows gather, as the sun is setting;
Then in the dawn—upon that other shore—
Once more we'll hear, "God bless you, dear!"—as greeting.

THE CALL OF THE ORIENT

There's a note falling soft on the ear,
A silvery, whispering tone;
Phantom winds through the leaves,
In a forest of trees,
Breathe the note in an infantile moan.

'Tis a call that is soundless—yet sure,
So strangely pathetic, yet strong;
And sometimes it seems,
In our half-awake dreams,
We are listening to Orient-song.

'Tis a note as of temple-like call,
A tinkle, borne hence on the air;
We are scenting once more,
From a blossom-strewn floor,
Odors sweet—and the faithful kneel there.

'Tis a harmony-note, from afar,
Where the heathen-god, pensive, serene,
Sits passive and blest,
In Nirvana, at rest—
Neither Heaven, nor Earth, but between.

'Tis a call, coming strong from the East—
And it heeds not the hour nor the day;
And there's with it a hand
Which we'd fain understand—
But it beckons—and beckons—that way.

TO ONE NEARING "THE OTHER SIDE"

Can't you pause upon the threshold, as you slowly pass away?
Can't you sense a softened whisper, and catch what we long to say?
Can't you carry to "the other side," to friends of mine and thine,
A little word to link us with the dear old Summer-time?

That dear old Summer-time agone, when hearts were in their prime,
And sunshine baffled shadow in that dear old Summer-time;
When from the East the Sun-god came, and rolled along too soon.
Too brief the hours! too fleeting—when but florets were in bloom!

When Time itself seemed on the wing, and, bird-like, fairly flew!
When pansies lifted laughing eyes to see where heartsease grew;
When sun rose high, with million rays, o'er path but flowery line,
O'er which we, wandering, found *all* life but joyous Summer-time.

Go tell them, on "the other side," that hearts are true alway,
As when they went to tread the paths we'll surely tread some day;
"Take a message and a token" to those hearts so dear to mine,
Those hearts so loved and loving, in the dear old Summer-time.

Tell them our eyes are looking where the myriad star-lights shine;
We know not if 'tis Heaven there—but 'twill be Summer-time
When once again the hands we clasp, and joyously we see
How—hand in hand—we'll journey on through all eternity.

Where hearts, we're told, grow never old; where youth wanes not, nor dies;
Where truths abound, and peace is found, and God's love underlies
All paths which bend, with upward trend; where, round on round, we'll climb.
So shall we go—with hearts aglow—to reach God's Summer-time.

A WAYSIDE THOUGHT

God leads the way! Why, then, should one repine?
Why not walk on, in confidence divine?
When Love encircles—why a faltering pace?
Why not keep near—and see the Father's face?
On—straightway on! through labyrinth, though it be,
Through Ocean's wildness, on—to Summer sea.

Why would we drop the load, while yet 'tis day?
Others there are! Yea! all along the way
Are those bowed low—and those alert with force—
But each one carries *his* or *her own cross.*
Each one a burden-bearer! So they go!
Each one through discipline must learn, and grow.

Onward and upward, then! nor lose the guide!
Nor fail to cull the flowers on either side!
For you and me they bloom—in sweet, wild way—
And in æolian whispers seem to say—
"Just as the sunbeams o'er us all do fall,
So spreads the Father's Love—and *covers all.*"

Thus may it be! we'll scan th' horizon o'er,
And still we'll ever read—Excelsior!
On—and yet on!—we'll march with steady tread
To reach a goal—with greater goal ahead.

Be it like this—or howsoe'er it be—
See to it that our own epiphany
Is clear! So shall we radiate a light
Which on life's highway proves a beacon bright;
That others passing, see—and find the way
To where a fadeless morn makes endless day.

THE RECALL

By a river—we'll call it the River of Ease—
We loitered—at rest—on its green-bordered shore;
A murmuring soft came through fan-spreading trees
As we lingered—content just to breathe—nothing more.

'Twas joy to exist! 'twas enough to be there!
"To be" was God-given! and thankfully, then,
We welcomed the morrow! a truce to all care!
No questioning doubts as to "why" or to "when."

Just reveled we both by that River of Ease!
Just reveled—and listened—and dreamed for a spell!
Yes! dreamed away hours, and days, that were rife
With a Peace that no specter of ill could dispel.

How lovely! How dreamy that River of Ease!
So lingering and softly its sunsets were given!
And somehow, as cool evening winds kissed the trees,
We thought of the Home—known through faith—and called Heaven.

And even today, as we fancy again
We live mid the scenes of that far-away shore,
We hear the same murmur, and catch the refrain
Of the song of the winds, as they whispered of yore.

Then come to us now, with your softness and balm,
Ye winds of the Orient! Spice-scented air!
Come back with your wonderful, siren-like charm!
Let us dream! and the dream be—we're once again there.

OUR JANE

She lived—we know—and loved—and did her best;
She lives today—we know not where—but with the blest.

* * * * * * *

We know of one in whom the heart-bird sang
As naturally as if upon the wing;
E'en through the long and weary hours, there rang
Sweet notes which hope and patient waiting bring.
Oh, how he sang when sunbeams came to cheer!
Nor lost his note to see them disappear.

And now we think he sings, with clearer song,
Some notes to mortal never, never given;
Soft memories, which tender tones prolong,
Unearthly tones, that speak the peace of Heaven.
Strains sweeter grown—which for those souls arise
Who fall asleep—and wake beyond the skies.

Peaceful and "Blessed are the pure in heart,"
Who wait not—in the stepping Heavenward—
Till earthly ties let free the hold, and part,
To haply see and recognize their God.

Blessed, indeed, these pure in heart—they seem,
E'en while on earth, to catch of Heaven a gleam.

And now—in every woodland note we hear,
In every bird-song quivering on the air—
There seems an echo soft, yet strangely clear,
Of notes celestial—somehow wafted here.
We love to catch them, for they seem to say,
"Grieve not for me! my wee bird sings alway."

WE TWO

Long years have passed! but, strange! how yesterday
Time flooded back! faded all else away!
No other days there were! no other One!
Just Baby-girl and I! We two! alone!
Together she and I once more! all through
The finding of a little, oft'-worn shoe.
Closely I held it, as, with pent-up sigh,
Dear Baby-feet I heard come pattering by.
The past and present—One! no gap of years!
No missing link! no empty arms! no tears!

Just we—together! Little One and I!
Here, once again, from out that long gone-by.
Dear Baby-shoe! so marked! no impress gone!
But just as clear as if but lately worn;
Once more had I my precious Baby-girl—
Through tiny shoe and little golden curl.

WHEN THE SHADOWS FADE AWAY

How distant the clouds in the dawning of light,
Whose mantles hung low in the shadowy night;
How lessened the care! and the sorrow we bear
Seems passed to The One ever ready to share.

And what if our footsteps go wandering where
Life's burdens seem heavy! Life's path hard and bare;
We'd fain drop the burdens! and, dulled with despair,
Forget that around us is Infinite Care.

Perhaps we shall come by these pathways to know—
When life's golden sunset is flickering low—
'Twas a part of earth's lesson—to help us to grow,
And fit us for realms in the great Afterglow.

Then, what though the hush of the night hour seems long?
We know, with the earliest blush of the dawn,
Will waken the echoes—and waken the song
Of another—and glorious sunlit morn.

THE CALL OF THE INFINITE

Why not be happy? Do not the soft winds blow,
And whisper "Love"? Do not the flowers grow
And say—in sweet, though speechless way,
In tune with nightly moon and orb of day—
"We know, throughout the breadth of all the land
We live, because an unseen, powerful Hand
Is holding, guiding, giving love so true,
And giving Life to us—and Life to you."

The violets nestling, and the stately rose;
The meteor's flash; the tiny star, which shows
In baby-way a tiny, twinkling ray,
And smiles—as if those smiles, with angel glow,
Might reach the heart of wanderers below—

All these speak out! And with a mighty call
Proclaim The God—Creator of them all.
Our Life as well! whence has it constant source?
And how—and where—will run its endless course?

The mountain heights—wrapped in eternal snow,
Hugging green, sheltered vales, where blossoms grow,
And where the stream from glacial bed has dropped
To find a flowing in more vernal spot—
These, too—from great, stupendous height
And lowland deep—both speak a God of Might.

Seed-time and harvest—rivulet and song—
Day-dawn and afterglow—Nay! All day long!
Ocean's smooth, mirrored sea—followed by roar
Of tempest high—and angered waves—all speak of power!
A power majestic! born of strength divine!
Creative power through never-ending time.

Night's myriad lanterns as they flash, and shed
Their twinkling lights whereon we mortals tread;
The budding leaf, restrained by Winter's chill,
Unfolding to the Great Creator's will;

The wee, green blade which shoots from Mother Earth,
Proclaiming broadcast Spring's perennial birth;
The bursting, budding, blooming, everywhere
Asserting Life Eternal—which we share;
All—all are answering to the Master's call.
The great Unseen! Life-Giver of us all.

Then why not happy? Do not the soft winds blow,
And whisper "Love"? Do not the flowers grow
And say—in sweet, though speechless way—
"December comes, but never comes to stay"?
The colder months lay claim to frosty smile,
And so the blossoms leave us for a while;
The chill winds send the Summer birdlings off,
But not for aye! Again they'll seek the North.

Then what of Life? Is it not faith fulfilled?
An endless scent from spirit-rose distilled?
A living stream, whose waters ever flow?
Whose Alpha is the only God we know?
What though December tarries by the way—
We know 'tis followed by the budding May.
Then why not give—as year laps well on year—
With Life renewed—give Resurrection cheer.

LIFE'S QUERIES

We—like leaves—have had our Spring-time,
  Budded—then unfurled—and gave
O'er the far-extending branches
  Either poor or sheltering shade.
In our own case—has it been
Goodly shade for fellowmen?

Have our leaves been full of vigor?
  Every fiber teemed with Life?
Have they grown to their full measure?
  Baffled heat and weathered strife?
Have we done our best for those
Whom in passing sought repose?

Have we covered well the branches?
  Leaving naught of space between?
Idle moments—leafless patches—
  Or full growth of vivid green?
Have we every effort made
Thus to give a grateful shade?

Were our Spring-leaves firm, though tender?
Flushed with growth our Life's high-noon?
Did young May and late September
Find activities in bloom?
Then—in going—may we go
Clothed in Autumn's richest glow!

THE SONG OF THE PAST

How it haunts me! And jingles! And rings in my ears!
The song that we sang in the long-agone years,
When the night-bells pealed forth and the year took its leave,
And we grouped for the singing, that gone New Year's Eve.

The air then so keen, with a cold, silvered light,
Breathed fresh of a Yuletide wrapped softly in white;
Every star seemed to twinkle in chorus! A love
Which in sweet benediction came down from above.

A night of all nights! When a sharp atmosphere
Brings to earth those innumerable orbs strangely near!
And gazing in wonder—we mortals oft' say—
"Is it true, as they tell us—they're far, far away?"

But where now are They? They that came at my call,
And joyously sang, "Happy New Year to all"?
Where? Who can tell where? Who has come back to say
As to where they have gone—or to point us the way?

Yet we feel a mere veiling—so sheer—hangs between
Our own and ourselves!—Just a spirit-like screen
We well-nigh can pierce—and, like in-coming tide,
In they float—one by one—as the veil rolls aside.

Together! All mingling! How joyous they come!
Dear bearers of "Heartsease"—our emblem of Home;
Sweet bloom—ever blooming within the old walls,
And now, like response to the dear, well-known calls,

It buds out afresh! Love and harmony reign,
As the old family group haply mingles again.
What then—though the night wanes—I feel not alone!
I'm living sweet hours in the old, hallowed Home.

Is it wrong, then, to yearn in the quiet tonight
For the voices so stilled, and the forms beyond sight?
For the dear Mother-love, and a touch of the hand—
That love all-forgiving—which held in command

Any ripple arising—whose spreading, allayed,
Broke away into foam, e'er it grew to a wave.
That dear Mother-love! So enduring! So true!
So helpful and beautiful—life's journey through!

So full of a patience which knew no alloy!
So full of completeness—of heartsease and joy!
Then why not this longing? This yearning instilled
In the heart of the mortal, which will not be quelled.

'Tis only a sigh for the dear, old-time Home!
'Tis only the heart calling out to its own.
Sing on, then, ye Voices! That glad time renew!
We'll sing out the "Old" now, and welcome the "New."

We'll sing, as of yore, in a soft cadence clear,
And again—with sweet carols—ring in the New Year!
Again will we mingle, and list' the soft flow
Of the dear family greetings of long, long ago.

And so let it be! As the last moments creep
Which will drop the old year into fathomless sleep,
Come! List' we together the Old Friend's retreat,
And with glee of the old-time the In-comer greet.
Aye! Come back! Come ever, as last echoes fall—
Come, sing we together, "Glad New Year to All."

WHERE THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMED

'Tis true that here Life looks so drear—
A darkened room—and the low clouds black;
But where she has gone
'Tis eternal morn.
Call her not back! Call her not back!

Call her not back from that new-found realm,
And her pathway bright, where the angels tread;
'Tis hers to roam
In a spirit-home.
Call her not dead! She is not dead!

She is not dead! 'Twas The Master said
There are mansions many! Prepared for all!
In one—her own!—
She has found her Home,
And waits till *you* answer The Master's Call.

WAITING

Waiting for the final sunset,
And the day which follows morn;
For the last of all things earthly,
And the calm which follows storm.
Waiting as the shadows fall,
For the coming Master's call.

Waiting yet, a little longer,
With the shadows near at hand—
They must deepen as we tarry
On the near-by Border-Land.
Oh, the glinting, silvery strand
Of that near-by Border-Land!

Who would ask to linger longer?
Why refuse the peace and rest?
Why not wish to join the children
Of the "pure in heart" and blest?
Bondage o'er and Spirit free—
Clothed in Immortality.

HEARTSEASE

To M. S.

There's a heart-loving wish I am speeding away
For you—and for yours—on this dear Christmas day!
And when, in the future, in long hours to come,
And you—in a reverie—sitting alone—
Will gather up threads from the Past—may you say—

* * * * * * *

"With delight I can call back that gone Christmas day!
It looms up so near! and the wish! why, it seems
As if all the years gone were but shadow-like dreams!
And now, in the quiet review that I take,
How much, for thanksgiving, I find in their wake;
How quiet their entry! How somber at times,
When lowered were voices, and drawn were the blinds.
When only the heart knew its own silent ache,
And the cost to be merry for somebody's sake;
When peace came again at the close of the day,
As we rested—and laid all our memories away."

"And then, with what jingling some other years came!
With what real, joyous greeting, and carol refrain!
And how in the dawn, and in night's gentle fall,
We lustily sang—'Merry Christmas to all!'
How clear come these pictures of years upon years!
How blessings unfold! How like vapor our fears!
How the tears that have fallen, and fell fast, 'tis true!
Were only as cloud-beds, with sun shining through;
They but watered the soil in a love-ordered flow,
And helped thus the blossom of heartsease to grow."

* * * * * * *

May you, dear! in reverie—sitting alone—
Echo this, from the heart, in the long years to come.

?

Is it from pride—for land increase—or honor's sake men war?
Is it for Country they would die? Would they not serve it more
By living—and by letting live—big, noble, natural lives?
Leaving to wild, untutored men the deeds of fratricides.
Can sound—however great from fife or drum—
Break death's dire silence when the day is done?

Is it a gain when scores of men—aye! thousands multiplied—
Lay in the open, helpless? Maimed and lifeless, side by side?
Is it a gain when scores of hearts—bereft—cry out aloud
For those beloved? For those cut down like grass by reaper mowed?
Ah! but what grim! What ghastly gain! What cost!
Outweighed by brutal, most unholy loss.

Must it be thus? Must noble youth—and manhood of this world—
Forever keep their Nation's Flag to deeds of blood unfurled?
Must settle claims, and claimants false—and part the wrong from
right—
Not by their reasoning, mental force, but deadly, barbarous might?
Are not their God-given powers gone far astray?
Would they might find more humane, Christ-like way!

THE CALL TO ARMS

Up from a placid sea
Rose a grim phantasy—
One hoped, unreal!
Till, in the by and by,
One could a form descry,
Wrapped well in steel.

Armored! With hosts of those
Friends once, now turned to foes,
Eager for strife!
Eager to gain the day!
Theirs to control and sway
All human life.

Was it to set men free?
Was it a just decree,
Thus to assert
Ego, omnipotence—
One nation's super-sense
O'er all the earth?

Fast, then, fell shot and shell!
As from the door of hell
Burst impious flames!
Years pass! Still shot and shell,
Still under-sea hounds swell
The War-God's claims.

What will his harvest be?
God and Eternity
Only can tell.
Know we, our God of Might,
Author of Life and Right,
Stronger than hell—

Will—in His own just ways
Balance these murderous days—
Of mercy shorn.
Where glimmering light has gleamed,
Will dawn a world redeemed
To Right from Wrong.

Fall, then, ye shot and shell!
Fall! Ye have much to quell!
Wild roars the sea!
Free to the sons of Earth!
Now, from one nation's girth,
Calls to be free.

Hark! 'Tis the children's wail!
Let not your courage fail!
"Hunger!" the cry.
Why would ye longer wait?
On! Let your aim be straight!
Strike! ere all die.

On! For the foes are fierce!
Trained to be merciless!
Rights are at stake!
Do not the depths of sea,
Strewn with humanity,
Bid you awake?

On! Though through strife we're led!
On! Though each heart be bled!
Our Flag uphold!
"Old Glory" well in hand,
Unfurled throughout the land,
Will keep hearts bold.

On, then! Till wrongs be felled!
On! Till the storm be quelled
And war flag furled!
On! Till God's peace be found
Rising o'er blood-stained ground,
To link the world.

THE CHIMES OF CORNELL

A soft wind coyly kissing feathery leaf;
A note of bird that sounds the opening spring;
A breath, which speaks of peace and quiet mirth,
And from yon belfry chimes are wont to ring.
Who that has heard them but would swiftly tell
Of visions fair, as thoughts bring back Cornell?

Who that has heard them as the morning breaks,
And from his hiding place bursts forth the sun,
Glinting Cayuga's waters, and oft' makes
A matin resting place on Sibley Dome.
Who but would fain forever hold them fast?
These memory bells! Aye! Long as memory lasts.

Who that has heard them as the shadows fall,
And comes the hush which tells the close of day,
That mellowing stillness! That which mantles all,
And bids the birdlings twittering hie away.
Who that has heard them in this softened light
Can fail to catch sweet echoes of "Good night"?

And now her sons! Cornell's fine, youthful Braves!
Gone to the front, to do their manly part!
Gone with the hosts to where great heroes' graves,
Alas! will pile, and make vast monument.
And oft' we think, in low-toned roundelay—
"God bless our boys," is what the dear bells say.

Beyond the noise of cannon-roar and shell,
Beyond all clamorous, intervening space,
Beyond this din of battle—who can tell?
It may not all sweet memories efface.
Haply in far-off trenches they may hear
Cornell's sweet chimes, to bid "Godspeed" and "Cheer."

"God bless our boys!" So say we all of us!
And bring them back to native soil and friends!
To Home! And all that's true, and good, and best;
And speed the hour when this fierce carnage ends.
When hearts shall glow afresh, and gleefully
Cornell's sweet bells ring pæans of victory.

YALE

Here, amid old-time elms, whose branches lock o'erhead,
And where, 'tween ivied walls, is Campus far outspread;
Here "Mother Yale," for two long centuries gone,
With open door has wooed her sons to come.

Has bade them wander through her classic halls,
And find response to each man's mental calls.
Has lured them through these spreading elms to stray;
And, following devious pathways day by day—

Gain through research that which each path supplies;
Full table spread! Rich food for embryo lives!
Has bade the fire of youth with spirit burn;
And helped them, through her forceful teachings, turn

Toward purpose steadfast! Their young blood to surge
With strength! And Honor, each man's dross submerge.
Has taught Life's meaning! And how best attain
The best! To help make Men—her great, unceasing aim.

She gives no credence to such word as fail!
But, armed with loyalty, these sons of Yale
Go forth today, beyond yon foe-trailed sea,
To fight the cause of World Democracy.

She bids them go! Though fierce the contest be,
For Right they stand! and theirs the victory!
She bids them be to *Alma Mater* true!
Theirs to support the honor of the Blue.

Theirs to withstand, though direful foes assail!
Theirs to make good! and let no wrong prevail!
To seek—to find—and hold the Honor Trail!
"To arms! For God, for Country, and for Yale!"

SOME OTHER WAY

We say, "To Arms!" knowing the while so well,
'Tis not humane thus fiercely feuds to quell.
It augurs surely of barbaric way
When man, to win—his fellowman would slay.

Great, generous hearts, which pulse with noble deeds!
Crushed into silence through dread battle siege.
And should it long endure, this game of life—
Or game of death! since death must end the strife—

What of the Victor and his martial tread,
Reaching his trophies o'er a countless dead?
Oh, for some other way! more humane form!
Than on a field of carnage, right a wrong!

We say, "To Arms! To Arms!" and think 'tis right
To follow not by reason, but by might.
We say, "To Arms!" yet how we clutch the hope
That somehow "ours" may feel no battle stroke.

We want them there! Aye! foremost in the lead!
Upholding "Right" with firm and dauntless tread!
Spartans we'll be! Will do allotted part!
E'en though with Victory comes a broken heart.

Oh, that "To Arms!" be silenced through the lands,
And men emerge from hatred to clasp hands!
Would that these chains, these feud chains, soon be riven!
And "Peace on earth" the hallowed order given.

That misty, half-closed eyes may come to see
The all of truth, of right, and equity!
An outlook higher! freed from selfish gains!
"To live, and to let live," man's honest aims.

God give it wings! and grant it soon may come,
Like foretaste of a great millennium!
A shower of wisdom send! that thus we may
Find through Thy leadership some other way.

KEEP IT WAVING

We ask to surmount all the horrors of war,
Undaunted to stand as fresh courage finds birth;
To say—with "God keep you," through cannon and gore—
"Go! Fight for the Right and the Good of the Earth."

To the rumbling afar—rolling in like a flood—
How we listen! Then, shuddering, we bid them to go,
Knowing well in the going may flow their life's blood.
'Tis a call from our Allies! A threat from the foe.

Then on—full of manhood! Aye! boys full of youth!
With the Standard of Freedom upheld and unfurled!
To The God of All Nations—of Justice—and Truth!
We but cry—"Bring them back when Peace reigns o'er the world."

THE UNVEILING OF TRUTH

Suggested by the soul-stirring times through which we are passing, and a thrilling sermon delivered November 3, 1918, by Dr. Mason L. Clarke, from Isaiah 17: 12.

Hark! from a scene of woe,
Wherein is deadly foe—
  Clamorings are heard!
Muffled at first! The cries
Swell as fierce booms arise!
  Demons seem stirred.

Why such tempestuous sound?
As if to crunching ground
  Fell mighty walls!
What means retreating troops?
Why angered, frenzied groups—
  And threatening calls?

What means it?—but a host
Sensing the awful cost
  Of years now gone!
Cost of the homes made drear!
Dawn of a Truth made clear
  Through a world-wide wrong.

Aye! but God's Mills—we find—
Slow though it be—they *grind!*
  And they grind exceeding sure.
He that hath stood for the Right,
Rather than bestial might—
  He—alone—will endure.

Hark! from that far-off shore,
Like to great Ocean's roar—
  More human cries!
Cries as of vengeance stroke!
Cracklings of despot's yoke
  Blackening the skies.

Loud—and still louder come
Echoes of righteous storm!
  Anger—and threat—and wail!
Scepter and king must fall!
Justice be crown of all,
  And Right prevail.

God grant the harvest be
Nations—in Truth—set free
  Under His righteous laws!
Workers for suffering needs—
Workers of different creeds—
  Linked by a common cause.

Ring, then, our Victory Bells!
List what their music tells!
  Nor let them cease!
Ring! for the long-hushed word—
Caught now, in crumblings heard—
  Though faint—is "PEACE."

ADDENDUM

Culled memory-leaves are these! Leaves of but captured Thought!
And this—the last this way to stray—Thank God! was caught!
Nearer, and clearer, came its whisperings day by day—
Till—pinioned now—we feel, by Grace of God! 'twill stay.
The Cruel Play! The Awful Tragedy is o'er—
And curtain falls a blackened heap!—to rise no more.
The dark and suffering night is passed, and morning dawns!
But with the gladsome passing—issue fresh alarms.
Grave threatenings take on form—and must be met—
And thus, to all—Peace unalloyed may not be yet.
Women's and children's cries are heard in bitter wail!
Cries for a human-harkening to a piteous tale.
Nay, more! as Truth comes forth! and shrinking screens
Show work incarnate! Work of blackest-branded fiends!
We've seen the end, so tragic, of boastful tyrant's plans;
A "would-be-God"! bereft of crown and stolen lands!
We've watched dismantled monarchs reach a fatal turn in road,
And with a bleeding World thus freed—from heart we say,
"Thank God"!
Again we say, "Thank God!"—because there *is* a God above—
And He—a God of *Justice!* None the less than "God of Love."

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